

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1882.

WITH SIXPENCE.
TWO SUPPLEMENTS By Post, 6d.



THE QUEEN AT WINDSOR CASTLE DÉCORATING OFFICERS AND SOLDIERS OF THE EGYPTIAN EXPEDITION.

MARRIAGE.

On the 22nd ult., at All Saints', Marylebone, by the Rev. A. L. Faulkes, M.A., and the Rev. E. H. Nelson, M.A., Vicar of St. Stephen's, Archibald T. Anderson, younger son of John A. Anderson, of St. Albans, Perth, to Victoria Amelia (Tory), eldest daughter of James Coombs, of 7, Hamilton-gardens, St. John's-wood. India papers please copy.

DEATHS.

On the 16th ult., at Glen Uske, Caerleon, Monmouthshire, Samuel Homfray, Esq., in the 87th year of his age.

On the 16th ult., at Pau, Basses Pyrénées, after a long and painful illness, religiously and patiently borne, Alice Charlotte, the eldest surviving daughter of Richard Sarell, M.D., M.R.C.P., of Constantinople, aged 23 years and 9 months.

The charge for the insertion of Births, Marriages, and Deaths is Five Shillings for each announcement.

NOW READY,

FATHER CHRISTMAS.

A CHRISTMAS NUMBER FOR THE YOUNG FOLK.

ETHEL'S DREAM.

A STORY BY MR. F. C. BURNAND, EDITOR OF "PUNCH."

EIGHTEEN ILLUSTRATIONS BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

A BEAUTIFUL COLOURED PICTURE,

RUDDY AS A CHERRY.

FROM A PAINTING BY MARIA CORNELISSEN.

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(French)

LES NOCES DE FIGARO.

LE PARDON DE LOERMEL.

FAUST.

VIOLETTA.

MIGNON.

GALATHEE.

LES NOCES DE JEANNETTE.

LA FILLE DU REGIMENT.

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Madame ENGALLY.

Madame FRAUDIN.

Madame MAXIMILIEN.

Madame STUARDA.

Monsieur MAUREL.

Monsieur TALAZAC.

Monsieur DUFFRICHIE.

Monsieur PLANCON.

LYCEUM.—MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING, EVERY EVENING, at 7.45—Benedick, Mr. Henry Irving; Beatrice, Miss Ellen Terry. MORNING PERFORMANCE TO-DAY (Saturday), and SATURDAYS, Dec. 9, Dec. 16, Dec. 23, and Dec. 30, at Two o'clock. Box-office (Mr. J. Hurst) open, Ten to Five.

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OUR CHRISTMAS NUMBER,

Published This Day, Saturday, Dec. 2,

WILL BE GIVEN

A LARGE PICTURE, PRINTED IN COLOURS,

ENTITLED

CINDERELLA,

FROM THE PAINTING BY J. E. MILLAIS, R.A.,

Which formed one of the chief objects of attraction in last year's Royal Academy Exhibition, and for which the Proprietors of the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS gave Three Thousand Guineas, it having been specially commissioned for this Christmas Number.

THE NUMBER CONTAINS

LOVE ME FOR EVER,

A CHRISTMAS CAROL IN PROSE,

By ROBERT BUCHANAN,

AND CONTRIBUTIONS BY

FRANCIS C. BURNAND, GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA, AND OTHERS.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

WE WISH YOU A MERRY CHRISTMAS.

Drawn by KATE GREENAWAY, Engraved by R. and E. TAYLOR.

LOVE ME FOR EVER.

Two Engravings, one Drawn by W. H. OVEREND, and Engraved by W. J. PALMER; the other Drawn by F. MACNAB, and Engraved by W. J. PALMER.

THE SQUIRE'S PEW.

Drawn by F. DADD, Engraved by R. and E. TAYLOR.

PUSSY'S PERQUISITE.

Drawn by W. SCHUTZ, Engraved by R. BRENDAMOUR.

OUR CHURCH CHOIR: THE LEADING TENOR.

Drawn by F. BARNARD, Engraved by W. J. PALMER.

OUR CHURCH CHOIR: THE LEADING SOPRANO.

Drawn by F. BARNARD, Engraved by J. SWAIN.

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Drawn by G. H. BOUGHTON, A.R.A., Engraved by W. B. GARDNER.

HE STOOPS TO CONQUER.

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THE FLAG OF TRUCE.

Drawn by A. HUNT, Engraved by R. LOUDAN.

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Drawn by A. HUNT, Engraved by R. LOUDAN.

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Drawn by G. A. HOLMES, Engraved by R. LOUDAN.

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Drawn by F. BARNARD, Engraved by G. F. HAMMOND.

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NEW STORY BY WILLIAM BLACK.

In the First Number of the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS for the New Year will be commenced a New Story, entitled "YOLANDE," by WILLIAM BLACK, Author of "A Daughter of Hell," "The Princess of Thule," "MacLeod of Dare," "Sunrise," &c.

OPENING THE ROYAL COURTS OF JUSTICE.

Next week's Number, Two Whole Sheets, will be chiefly devoted to Illustrating the Opening by her Majesty of the New Law Courts.

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

LONDON: SATURDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1882.

Something like a panic has been created in the Irish capital by the succession of dastardly crimes which have culminated in the assassination of a police detective, and the murderous attack upon a gentleman who lately served upon one of the special juries. This alarm is not surprising. Dublin has long been infested with a gang of Fenian desperadoes, whose impunity seemed almost secured by the failure to detect the authors of the Phoenix Park murder, but whose eventual extirpation was ensured, sooner or later, by the sure though slow operation of the Crimes Prevention Act. Gradually, by means of an improved detective force, the toils have been gathering around these nests of secret conspirators. The leaders of the Irish Nihilists are pretty well known, though the evidence against them is not as yet completed. A fortnight ago the vigilance of the police was admirably exhibited when Mr. Justice Lawson was saved from the bullet of an assassin, who was fortunately captured. The event of Saturday night is more akin to the criminal excesses of an Oriental city than to the experience of a centre of Western civilisation. Half-a-dozen ruffians were abroad, apparently on the watch, in the back slums of Dublin, to take vengeance on a suspected member of their lawless fraternity, while an equal number of detectives kept an eye on their movements. The gang being thus brought to bay, Dowling, their leader, fired at Constable Cox, the foremost detective, who fell mortally wounded, but not before his assailant had been disabled and captured. It might have gone hard with the gallant police officers, but for the opportune appearance of Sergeant Danvers, of the King's Own Rifles, who dashed forward and seized Devine, a second ruffian, then in conflict with Detective

Eastwood. Though three of the Fenians escaped, two arrests were subsequently made. The hardihood of the gang may be explained by the attempt of a congenial crowd to prevent the arrest of Devine, and the subsequent threatening demonstration of a number of rowdies in front of the hospital where Dowling now lies. It is amongst these dangerous classes that the assassins have been able securely to hide themselves. That they are, after all, a small minority is attested by the fact that an immense concourse of people, composed of all sections of the community, evinced their sympathy with the murdered man and his family as the funeral procession passed along the streets of Dublin on Tuesday, or attended the funeral ceremonial in Glasnevin Cemetery.

It might have been thought that the Fenian ruffians of Dublin would have been cowed by their ill-success on Saturday night. But on Monday there was a renewal of outrages in an aggravated form. Simultaneously with a murderous attack with knives upon an Emergency bailiff, an attempt was made to hack to pieces one of the special jurors at the late trials not far from his own door. This atrocity was a repetition, on a smaller scale, of the Phoenix Park tragedy. Two "respectably-dressed" men came up in an ordinary car, driven by a licensed cabman, as Mr. Field, whose name had been made conspicuous in the foremost National League paper, was about to enter his house. One of them, unsheathing his sword, alighted, repeatedly stabbed his victim in the presence of horrified spectators, remounted the vehicle, drove off, and escaped, after a partial pursuit. The unfortunate gentleman, who happily still survives, assisted at the conviction of Walsh for the Letterfrack murder. This deed of blood was, no doubt, intended to intimidate jurymen in future trials; but so reckless an outrage at the present time betokens the near approach of a death-struggle between the strong arm of the law and a cold-blooded ferocity which has hardly been surpassed in the annals of Nihilism. While the citizens of Dublin are panic-stricken at these daring crimes, the Chief Secretary expresses confidence of the ultimate issue. Official knowledge may justify Mr. Trevelyan's implied belief that the Irish Executive is at length getting at the heart of this terrible conspiracy. We are glad to see that Dublin has been proclaimed, and a reward of £5000 offered for the apprehension of the criminals. No measures can be too severe that are necessary to effectually crush such cruel lawlessness. Better trial without jury, as the Act allows, than this utter defiance of the law by a gang of cut-throat miscreants.

Possibly before our present issue appears the extra Session of the House of Commons will have closed. The comparatively few members of the Opposition who remain at Westminster have hardly sufficed to keep up the semblance of resistance to the Procedure Resolutions, which on Monday night were converted into Standing Orders by a majority of 137 to 90. How far they will operate to restrict unnecessary discussion and put down obstruction is doubtful. The Second Rule, from which so much was hoped, palpably broke down on Friday night, when Mr. Yorke secured more than the required forty members in support of his motion for adjournment, in order to raise a grotesque debate on the mythical Kilmainham Treaty. The proviso for restricting discussion on that motion to "definite matters of urgent importance" proved to be of no avail; the Speaker having no authority to interpret the phrase, and being unable to prevent a rambling conversation, which collapsed because the charges brought against Mr. Gladstone were unfounded and ridiculous. So far from that Rule being a "gag" to free speech, it is likely to be a weapon of obstruction in the hands of factious members. The efficacy of this Standing Order, and, indeed, of all the rest, depends upon a sense of decorum and fairness which, while recognised by the majority of members, may be easily and successfully set at naught by an unscrupulous minority. The resolutions appointing Standing Committees to consider the details of specific measures, the principle of which has been sanctioned by the House, have met with only a languid opposition in consequence of the experiment being restricted to the next Session. The Prime Minister expects more valuable results from this innovation on Parliamentary procedure than from the penal restrictions embodied in the new Standing Orders, and our belated legislators are disposed to acquiesce in his view, if only to hasten the much-desired Prorogation.

During the past week London has elected a new Educational Parliament for the next three years. The languid interest shown in the electoral struggle is indicated by the fact that at least three-fourths of the rate-payers declined to go to the poll. The result is, however, on the whole satisfactory. Mr. Sydney Buxton, whose rejection at Westminster is a sorry return for six years of meritorious service, expresses his belief that the new Board will be a better one than the last. "Almost all the worthy members who sought re-election," he says, "have been returned; some of the less worthy have been unsuccessful; and among the new members are men of ability and industry." Most of the obstructionists are gone, and there is nothing to hinder the Board from loyally carrying out the Education Act of 1870, which has already planted some three hundred commodious and efficient schools.

ECHOES OF THE WEEK.

Notice to Publishers. If any enterprising bookseller will undertake to bring out a new and graphically illustrated edition of "Foxe's Book of Martyrs," the present writer will be happy to furnish thereto, for a trifling consideration, a supplementary chapter descriptive of a new Fire Torture devised by the Continental railway authorities for the benefit of travellers journeying into Italy by the way of Strasburg, Basle, and the St. Gothard. The manner of the torment is as follows:—You are securely packed in a box lined with crimson velvet; and then, seemingly between the flooring of the carriage and the frame, there is thrust a long iron box full of live fuel. The case is replenished, or the burning mass is carefully stoked, at intervals during your journey. The ostensible design of the authorities is to warm the carriages. The practical effect of the process is to half-roast the wretched travellers cooped up in the crimson velvet-lined compartment. I arrived at Basle in a slack-baked condition. By the time I reached Lucerne, I was done (so to speak) quite brown; and, but for the circumstance that I am due in Fleet-street, London, E.C., in the first week in January, I might have felt tempted to jump from the window into the Lake of Lucerne, to cool myself.

Fortunately, the St. Gothard Tunnel acted, so far as I was personally concerned, as a refrigerator. It is the pleasant custom on the Pacific Railway—I forget whether on the Central or the Union—to provide the train with a "prospect car," an open carriage into which you can walk from the ordinary cars, and from the unglazed windows of which you can enjoy an uninterrupted view of the magnificent scenery of Webber Cañon, the Devil's Slide, and so forth. Well, the car in which I rode through the St. Gothard Tunnel had a prospect platform or lateral balcony; and in that balcony I remained, with my back to the wind, quite comfortably, while we sped under the great Alp. I was nearly red-hot when I took the air on the balcony; but I was as cool as a cucumber when we saw light again, and the train dashed into the Canton of Ticino.

A curious experience. The noise that of several grand operas of the "Hérodiade" order rolled into one. The wind a straight steady blast, rather stronger, it seemed, than the Bora at Trieste on an angry day in March. Looking towards the wall of the tunnel jet blackness, barred vertically by the pale reflection of the lamp-lit compartments. Looking into the carriages, rows after rows of anxious people, all looking at their watches. When we were well out of the great tunnel, and I resumed my seat in the velvet-lined box, it was curious to find that not two travellers could agree as to the precise time we had spent dashing through the living rock. One said nineteen minutes. Another stoutly stood by twenty; a third was ready to swear by eighteen minutes and a half. It was the story of Sir Walter Raleigh and the Lieutenant of the Tower over again. Having been in the cold and in the dark all the time, I had only one way of computing the time which we had passed in the tunnel. King Alfred, you will remember, measured time by the consumption of candles. My time I measured by one Regalia Londres, "flor de Tomas Gutierrez": cost me sixpence at Mr. Carreras'. I kindled the weed as we entered the tunnel; and the butt-end just scorched my lips as we came out into the Ticino.

Mem.: Of all the curious names for a locomotive steam-engine, commend me to one which I noticed at Lucerne. We have all heard of a "pilot" engine; but what do you say to "Pilatus," in big green letters on a brass plate on a locomotive boiler? Of course the designation had reference to Mount Pilate hereabouts, and the weird legend attaching thereto.

Calmly reviewing the question of the intolerably overheated carriages, I incline to the persuasion that the interests of the manufacture of *pâtés de foie gras* may have had something to do with the fire-torture between Brussels and Strasburg. Do they place a layer of live geese between the tubes of burning fuel and the carriage flooring, with an artful arrangement of cold-water pipes, so that the birds may stifle and drink and drink and stifle until their livers attain the required degree of enlargement? I begin, myself (being of the gander family), to feel some slight symptoms of "under the ribbism." I dreamt last night of Fortnum and Mason, and shall consult a physician so soon as I reach Rome, having no wish to fill a *trinne* before my time.

So, notwithstanding "the cruel Juno's unrelenting hate"—I will assume Juno to have been the authority who overheated the carriages—we penetrated at length into Italy. Delicious land! It has been raining cats and dogs almost ever since I have been here; and this morning, at Milan, there was a fine white fog. But the mist, from the picturesque point of view, was merciful. It made the incomparably lovely Duomo look more fragile and fairy-like (in the five-hundredth year of its age) than ever.

Just before leaving England I raised my hat respectfully to a new word just pitchforked into the English language:—"Ensilage." Of course, the process of "Ensilage" is the storage in pits of fodder for cattle; and is derived from the French "silo;" yet it may be permissible, nevertheless, to regard the new importation as an ugly and pedantic one. Cannot students of Arthur Young, or Jethro Tull, or some other authority on husbandry, find a frank English equivalent for "ensilage"? After all, perhaps, it is not so disagreeable a word as "detrain," which I find in the newspaper account of the Royal Review. A body of soldiers, it appears, no longer quits a train or alights from a train, but "detrains." So in future, I suppose, we must "de-cab" and "de-omnibus" and "de-room."

As for the Italians, they, in journalism at least, coin new words with the most charming indifference to the fitness of

things. What do you think of "Tramviato"? This is the title of a column of gossip in a humorous paper published in Milan, called "Il Nuovo Tramway." There is another comic publication entitled "Il Tranvai." Herein not only is the orthography of "tramway" corrupted, but a wrong gender is assigned to it. "Way" is "Via," and "via" is feminine.

When (as a member of the Ungentle Sex) you have come to a certain time of life, and have, as a rule, plenty of business on hand, it stands to reason that you do not often read novels. But, in this respect, I firmly hold by the French proverb: "Qui a bu, boira"—if you have once upon a time been a novel reader, you will surely, when you have a little leisure, return to your old loves, either by reading a new novel, or by perusing some old favourite over again. Last year I read a novel and a half—the whole one was M. Daudet's "Numa Roumestan," a capital story. The romance of which I read but a moiety was Emile Zola's "Pot-Bouille." When I had advanced thus far into that repulsive work I "chucked" it over the bulwarks of a steamer into the Bay of Ajaccio.

This year I had intended to read "Clarissa Harlowe," with the purpose of discovering whether it would make me cry, as it was wont to do in days gone by. Are there any people left, I wonder, who weep over "The Sorrows of Werter"? Does "Paul and Virginia" still bring to the manly and elderly eye the drop of "unfamiliar brine?" and—then, do you think that "L. E. L." and Mrs. Hemans would still "fetch" you? I was "shunted" from my emotional intent by being sent to a bookseller's shop in Brussels to buy a Tauchnitz edition of Anthony Trollope's "Ayala's Angel." I do not mean to read "Ayala's Angel" (I sincerely trust dear A. T. is quite well and hearty again); but my time is short; and I must make that trial with Clarissa ere I leave Rome.

But, glancing over the Tauchnitz catalogue, I came across the title of "Democracy: an American Novel." "Them's the jockeys for me!" exclaimed the hero of the dinner table anecdote when the baked apple dumplings made their appearance. He had been invited as a *raconteur* and humourist of rare powers, but had not opened his mouth till the dumplings hove in sight. "That's the jockey for me!" I cried mentally at the sight of "Democracy," and I straightway bought the book. It has been the talk of society, you know, throughout the season. I think that I have met the author; at least, at a dinner party in London, one of the prettiest and most charming American ladies whom I have lately had the honour to meet, when I happened to mention the astonishing vogue that the story had met with, gracefully waved her ice-spoon in the direction of a gentleman opposite and whispered, "That is the author of 'Democracy.'" But I was not looking at the gentleman opposite. I was looking at a wonderful clock behind him—a marvel of French eighteenth-century *horlogerie*, and contemplating the possibility of committing burglary with impunity. Such a clock.

I read "Democracy" right through without stopping, and would willingly read it again and again. The book has been extensively and exhaustively reviewed; and what I am saying about it is entirely outside its literary merits as a work of fiction or an example of style. To all who have sojourned for a lengthened period in the United States, and who have made American society the subject of constant and conscientious study, "Democracy" should be not only a most fascinating book, but should afford matter for very deep and anxious thought. But, I confess that, at the first blush, I wholly fail to understand why the story should have proved so astonishingly popular in fashionable English society. The English characters delineated in "Democracy" are for the most part clumsy caricatures, and are not even technically true to English manners. The "dilapidated Irish peer," Lord Dunbeg, is spoken of as "a gentleman neither wealthy nor famous." In England we know that a peer is a gentleman *per se*; but we speak of him not as a "gentleman," but as a "nobleman." Again, Miss Victoria Dare, the silly little creature to whom the "dilapidated peer" proposes, is mightily tickled at the notion that she is going to be "Countess Dunbeg." But the author seems to be wholly in a fog as to whether his title of his peer is "Earl of Dunbeg" or "Earl Dunbeg." In England we discriminate between the "Earl of Dunraven" and "Earl Grey."

The British Minister at Washington, Lord Skye, is made to speak openly in society of the Governor-General of Canada as "a flat." On what British Minister to Washington did the author of "Democracy" model his Lord Skye? On Sir Henry Bulwer (Lord Dalling)? On Mr. (afterwards Sir) John Crampton? On Lord Lyons? On Sir Edward Thornton? The author of "Democracy" is careful to tell us that Lord Skye was a skilled diplomatist. I fancy that if Lord Skye had had an ounce of diplomatic *savoir faire* in him he would not have told a group of idly chattering women that the Governor-General of Canada was "a flat," even if he had secretly entertained so uncomplimentary an opinion of his Excellency. Of the stupid insult to the Royal Family of England in the account of the Ball at the British Legation I will say nothing, save that the author has yet to learn the A B C of good taste.

The American characters in "Democracy" are almost imitatively good, sparkling, and life-like; and Sybil Ross is a most charming study of girl-character. Carrington, also, is a model of the educated and refined Virginian gentleman. Senator Ratcliffe is to English readers a thoroughly new type and a strikingly original personage. An additional charm is lent to the work (which might, with advantage, have been extended to twice its actual length) by its intensely American tone—a tone which makes itself amusingly apparent through the veneer of cosmopolitanism which the author strives to impose on his reflections and illustrations. For example, the

heroine, Mrs. Lightfoot Lee (and a very shallow heroine she is remarks, "I am now pure steel. You may beat my heart with a trip-hammer; and it will beat the trip-hammer back again." Has one English lady out of five thousand ever heard of a trip-hammer? I doubt it gravely.

The author says of Mrs. Lightfoot Lee, "Since her husband's death, five years before, she had lost her taste for New York Society; she felt no interest in the price of stocks, and very little in the men who dealt in them." This again puzzled me. How could an English lady novel reader sympathise with a heroine who had once taken an interest in the price of stocks? Elsewhere Mrs. Lee takes an entire evening about Herbert Spencer "with a very literary transcendental commission-merchant." Fancy a transcendental English commission-agent! But it is such touches as these that make "Democracy" delicious.

The book glistens with wonderful bits of word-painting. Take the following:—Sybil Ross's idea of the aspect of a home in the Great West:—

Her idea of Mr. Ratcliffe's character was vague, and biased by mere theories of what a Prairie Giant of Peonia should be in his domestic relations. Her idea of Peonia, too, was indistinct. She was haunted by a vision of her sister, sitting on a horsehair sofa before an air-tight iron stove in a small room with high, bare, white walls, a chrono-lithograph on each, and at her side a marble-topped table, surmounted by a glass vase containing funeral dried grasses; the only literature, Frank Leslie's periodical and the *New York Ledger*, with a strong smell of cooking everywhere prevalent. Here she saw Madeline receiving visitors; the wives of neighbours and constituents, who told her the Peonia news.

Mem.: Is it "Mr. Tom Lord" or "Mr. Sam Grimes, of North Bend," who is intended as a portrait of Mr. Samuel Ward, of New York?

When I had shut up this most original and captivating book, and had begun to think over what I had read, I contrived to form a tolerably tenable theory as to the reason which has made "Democracy" so wonderful a favourite among the fashionable classes in England. Society, surely, can take no delight in the delineation of the poverty and imbecility of Lord Dunbeg, the *niaiserie* of Lord Skye, and the school-girl attempts of Miss Victoria Dare to hoax English persons into the belief that educated Americans are uncouth and semi-barbarous in their manners. We know them socially a great deal better than they know us; but of their inner political life we know scarcely anything at all. And it is for this very reason that fashionable English society has fallen smilingly into the trap set for them, perhaps unwittingly, in this remarkable book. The author is a thoroughly discontented, and perhaps disappointed, politician; and he has, to use a vulgarism, shown up all the bribery, buncombe, corruption, intrigue, and downright robbery, which are the shame and curse of American political life. Fashionable English novel readers, who are, as a rule, essentially conservative in their sympathies, and who, as regards their own country, are afflicted by a vague but chronic fear that "something dreadful will happen some day, unless those shocking Radicals are put down," have jumped at the conclusion that "Democracy" is, in the main, an overwhelming confession and demonstration of the failure of Democratic institutions in the United States; and that Republican equality and universal suffrage are practically "played out." They are no more played out than the Falls of Niagara are; and the American Union will stand a vast amount more "log-rolling," "wire-pulling," "pipe-laying," "axe-grinding," and "bull-dozing," before the fabric of its integrity is shaken.

The reproduction at the Théâtre Français of Victor Hugo's fifty-year-old tragedy "Le Roi s'Amuse" would appear, to judge from the amount of elaborate criticism bestowed on the performance by the Paris correspondent of the *Times*, to have created intense excitement in the French capital; while English readers are treated to an exhaustive *résumé* of the play, as though it were some new thing;—as though its wonderful scenes of passion and pathos had not for two generations been household words to all Englishmen of culture; as though Victor Hugo himself had never written his famous and enigmatical preface to the piece after its further representation had been forbidden by the Government; as though the misfortunes of Triboulet had not furnished the Italian librettist of Verdi's opera with the plot for "Rigoletto"; and as though, finally, "Le Roi s'Amuse" had not been adapted to the English stage by Mr. Tom Taylor as "The Fool's Revenge":—Triboulet being transformed into Bertuccio, superbly represented first by the late Mr. Samuel Phelps, and afterwards by the happily extant Mr. Edwin Booth.

But there is a passage in the *Times* account of "Le Roi s'Amuse" which to students of history will seem very droll. Says the writer, alluding to the ramoured presence of the Duc d'Aumale at the revival at the Français:—

In 1872, after having seen the Comte de Chambord at Antwerp, I had the honour of travelling with the Duc d'Aumale to Versailles. I repeated to him the Comte de Chambord's words, "I will not be a crowned monk; but I cannot forget that I am the descendant of Saint Louis." "He ought to remember, too," said the Duc d'Aumale, smiling, "that he is the descendant of Henri Quatre." If he, in turn, thought of it this evening, he might have remembered the words of the Doge of Venice, who was asked what astonished him most at Versailles. "What most astonishes me," replied the Doge, "is to see myself there."

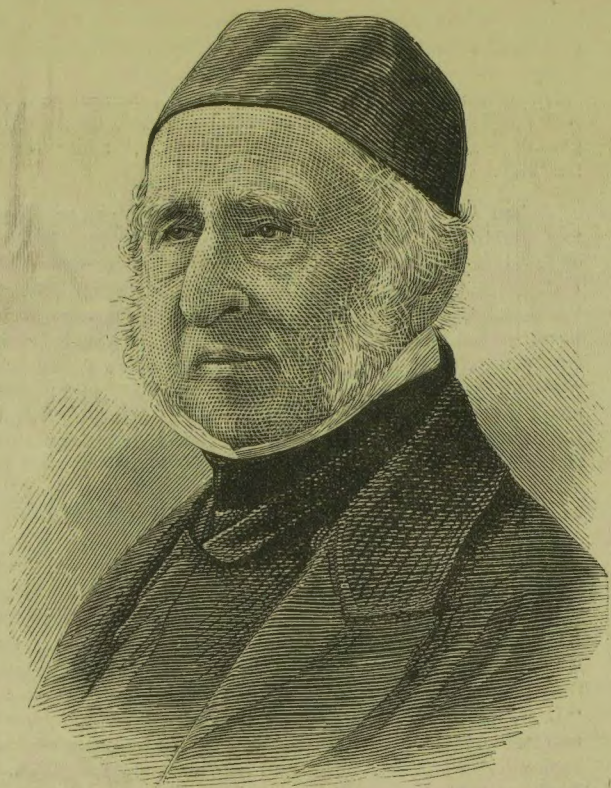
Just so; only the gentleman should have added that when the Doge of Venice made the historical remark in question, he was addressing his Riding Master, Il Signor Franconi, and his Master of the Horse, the Magnifico Sanger, to say nothing of his Chief Charioteer, Signore Hengler. The Bucentaur, it is well known, was a coach and six; the Broglio was the Rotten Row of St. Mark's Place; and it was with a detachment of Cavalleria di Marina that Blind old Dandolo vanquished the Byzantines. As a matter of fact, no Doge of Venice ever came to Versailles. It was the Doge of Genoa who is said to have said what the writer in the *Times* has set down to the credit of the Consort of the Adriatic.

C. A. S.

THE LATE EARL OF HARROWBY, K.G.

The death of this nobleman, at the age of eighty-four, was noticed in our Obituary last week. He was the second Earl of Harrowby, his father having been raised in 1809 from the rank of Baron Harrowby, a title created in 1776, to that of Viscount Sandon and Earl of Harrowby. The founder of this family was Sir Dudley Ryder, Knight, an eminent barrister in George II.'s reign, who rose to be Attorney-General and Lord Chief Justice. His son, Nathaniel Ryder, was created a Peer, and the barony descended, in 1803, to his son Dudley Ryder, made first Earl of Harrowby, and in 1847 to the late Earl, whose name was also Dudley Ryder. As Lord Sandon, the late Earl sat in the House of Commons from 1819 to 1847, as M.P. for Tiverton until 1839, and subsequently as M.P. for Liverpool. He took office under the Duke of Wellington's Government in 1830, and was for some time a prominent member of the Conservative party; but it was not until the Peelites, with whom he acted after Sir Robert Peel's death, formed a coalition with the Whigs under Lord Palmerston, that Lord Harrowby became a Cabinet Minister; he was Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster in 1854, and Lord Privy Seal in the next year and in 1857. His Lordship also rendered long and useful service to the public as one of the Ecclesiastical Commission. It is remarkable that his only brother, the Hon. Frederick Dudley Ryder, of the Foreign Office, though eight years junior, died the day before the late Earl. There are four sisters, Lady Mary Saurin, Dowager Lady Wharnccliffe, Lady Sophia Hervey, and Lady Louisa Fortescue. Lord Sandon, late M.P. for Liverpool, has succeeded his father.

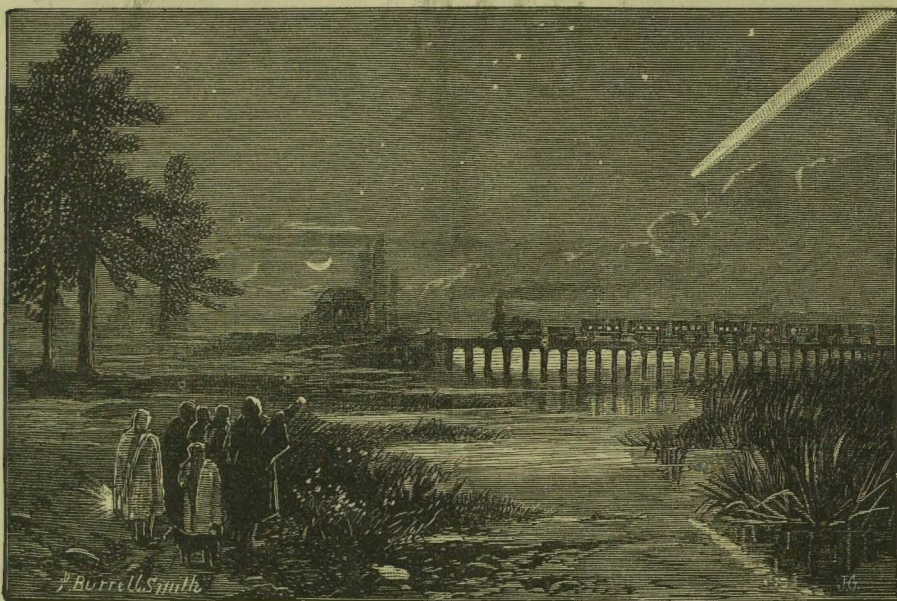
Mr. George M. Dowdeswell, Q.C., one of the official referees of the High Court of Justice, has been elected treasurer of the Honourable Society of the Inner Temple for the ensuing year.



THE LATE EARL OF HARROWBY, K.G.

OUR INVALID SOLDIERS UP THE NILE.

Of the British troops left in Egypt to form the Army of Occupation, to keep the Khedive on his throne, 9 per cent are sick men in hospital, the number of these being now 1133, out of a total of 12,563. The hospitals have been inspected by Sir Andrew Clarke, M.D., and no doubt all is done to make them efficient, by the zealous and able gentlemen of the Army Medical Department. It has latterly been decided, upon their advice, by the General acting as Chief of the Staff, that some of the men suffering from dysentery, instead of being sent to Malta or home for a complete cure, shall have a quiet trip up the Nile, the weather during the past month having been most enjoyable in Egypt. Messrs. T. Cook and Son, of Ludgate-circus, the world-known conductors of excursion parties, being the sole managing agents of the Khedive mail steam-boats from Cairo to the First and Second Cataracts, were applied to by our military authorities, and arranged to fit up special boats and to convey invalid soldiers, at a low charge, for a fortnight at a time, as far as the First Cataract and back. On the 8th inst., accordingly, the first of these boats, the steamer Tahtah, carrying eleven officers and eighty privates, some Royal Artillery, some Highlanders, and some of the West Kent Regiment, started from Kasr-el-Nil, at Cairo, to perform the eight days' easy trip to Assouan; the daily stages being to Beni Souef, to Beni Hassan, to Assiout, to Tahtah, to Kasr-el-Sayad, to Luxor (with an excursion to Karnac for those able to bear the ride), to Edfou, and to Assouan. They would leave Assouan, for the return voyage, on the afternoon of the 17th, and arrive at Cairo on the 22nd. The Nile steamers usually travel only in the hours of daylight; and these invalids, reposing most comfortably all day in the shade on deck, in the mild atmosphere of the season in Egypt, are thus enabled to see everything along the banks of the famous



THE COMET AS SEEN IN INDIA.



THE COMET AS SEEN IN SOUTH AFRICA.



THE ARMY OF OCCUPATION IN EGYPT: INVALID SOLDIERS ON A TRIP UP THE NILE.



THE QUEEN DECORATING INDIAN OFFICERS AND SOLDIERS AT WINDSOR CASTLE.

picturesque old river. We are indebted to Mr. Bemrose, who accompanied Mr. John M. Cook when in charge of the first trip, for a sketch of the scene on deck, which will be regarded with much interest by the many readers at home feeling a concern in the welfare of the British soldiers on the Nile. It will be perceived that mattresses are laid along the deck of the vessel, at each side, the men's kits and blankets being piled in the centre; and the invalids lie on those beds, in all manner of attitudes, some reading, some eating, some looking about them, others sleeping; all receiving benefit, it is hoped, from the delicious fresh and balmy air. A dragoman or interpreter is standing beside them; and to the right is shown their washing apparatus. Though some of the poor fellows were so ill that they had to be helped to get on board, their health quickly

improved, and they could make a hearty meal; the breakfast consisting, for some, of good soup, with chicken, and excellent bread. We may hope that the greater number of them will soon be restored to perfect health and strength.

THE COMET AS SEEN IN INDIA AND AFRICA.

A correspondent in the Himalaya highlands of Bengal, employed on the line of the Darjeeling Railway to the north of Calcutta, has sent us a photograph of the appearance of the comet, as visible at Burdwan about Oct. 10. The situation of Burdwan, a town on the river Damoudah, seventy-four miles north-west of Calcutta, in latitude 23 deg. 12 min. N., longi-

tude 87 deg. 56 min. E., was favourable to the observation of this celestial phenomenon. Our illustration shows the railway bridge, with a train crossing the river, and some natives standing in the foreground, who are looking in wonder at the strange apparition in the nocturnal sky. We also give an illustration of the aspect of the comet as seen in South Africa; where the Kaffirs and Zulus of Natal, it is said, were disposed to hail it as a supernatural sign of heavenly grace and favour heralding the restoration of King Cetewayo.

The "Phormio" of Terence will be performed by the Queen's Scholars of Westminster School in the Dormitory, as usual, on the evenings of Thursday, Dec. 14; Monday, 18; and Wednesday, 20. The epilogue will be given on each night.

THE QUEEN AND THE SOLDIERS FROM EGYPT.

In the Grand Quadrangle of Windsor Castle, half an hour after noonday on Tuesday last week, the Queen received all the Generals and Officers, some regimental commanding officers, and above two hundred soldiers of the late Egyptian Expedition. Representatives of the 1st and 2nd Life Guards, of the Royal Horse Guards (Blues), of the Grenadier Guards, Coldstream Guards, and Scots Guards, of the Royal Artillery and Horse Artillery, the Royal Engineers, the 4th and 7th Dragoon Guards, the 18th Hussars, the Royal Irish regiment of infantry, the Duke of Cornwall's, the Royal Sussex, South Staffordshire, 1st Royal Highlanders, Derbyshire, Berkshire, York and Lancaster, West Kent, Shropshire, and Manchester regiments, the 3rd King's Royal Rifle Corps, the 2nd Highland Light Infantry, Seaforth Highlanders, Gordon Highlanders, and Cameron Highlanders, the Royal Irish Fusiliers, the Mounted Infantry, Commissariat, Transport, Ordnance Store, and Army Hospital Corps, Military Police, mounted and foot, Malta Fencible Artillery, Army Post Office Corps, and of the Indian troops, 2nd Bengal Cavalry, 6th Bengal Cavalry, 13th Bengal Lancers, 7th Bengal Native Infantry, 20th Bengal Native Infantry, 2nd Beloochees, and Madras Sappers and Miners, were assembled upon this occasion. Of each corps or regiment there were one or two officers or non-commissioned officers, and several privates, who were selected to be decorated with the Egyptian War Medal, presented to each man by the Queen's own hand. The Royal Navy contributed officers and sailors of the fleet which was engaged in the war under the command of Admiral Sir Beauchamp Seymour, of the Naval Brigade employed on shore, and of the Royal Marines and Royal Marine Artillery. All the soldiers and sailors were drawn up in the quadrangle, in front of a small pavilion covered with blue and white silk, with a dais or platform of crimson cloth, where her Majesty would stand to present the medals, each being placed ready, in a small packet inscribed with his name, rank, and regiment.

In front of the line was General Sir Garnet Wolseley, with the officers of his staff and commanders—namely, Lieutenant-General Sir John Adye, Lieutenant-General Willis, and Lieutenant-General Sir E. Bruce Hamley (commanders of divisions); Major-Generals the Duke of Connaught, Sir Evelyn Wood, Sir Drury Lowe, and Sir Herbert Macpherson; Colonels Sir John McNeill, Sir C. Nugent, R.E., Col. Goodenough, R.A., Sir W. O. Lanyon, Sir Redvers Buller, Sir Oriel Tanner, Lord W. Seymour, W. F. Butler, the Hon. Paul Methuen, H. C. Wilkinson, J. H. Roche, R. Harrison, H. G. Moore, H. Stewart, and the Duke of Teck; Lieut.-Colonels Webber, Tulloch, T. Fraser, J. F. Maurice, Yeatman-Biggs, FitzGeorge, Grove, Swaine, and the Hon. N. G. Lyttelton; Majors Waller, R.E., Wardrop, and Martin; Lieutenants Childers and Adye; Deputy Commissary-General Robinson, Deputy Surgeon-General Marston, Brigade Surgeon Jackson, and Surgeon-Major Scott, M.D.; Major Forbes, Army Pay Department, Veterinary Surgeon Walker, the Rev. C. A. Solbe, Senior Chaplain, and Captain Von Hagenow, German Military Attaché. Among the naval officers present were Vice-Admiral Dowell, Rear-Admirals Hoskins and Sullivan, and some of different ranks, accompanied by Midshipman De Chair, the youth who was captured by the enemy at the outset of the land campaign.

The bands of the 2nd Life Guards and Coldstream Guards played the National Anthem. The Queen appeared at the pavilion. She was dressed in a pelisse of velvet and fur, decorated with the Orders of Victoria and Albert, and of the Crown of India. She stood upon a carpet taken from Arabi's tent at Tel-el-Kebir, where the Duke of Connaught slept on it after the battle. Accompanying the Queen were the Prince of Wales (wearing a Field Marshal's uniform), the Princess of Wales, the Duke of Edinburgh (wearing an Admiral's uniform), the Duchess of Edinburgh, the Duchess of Connaught, the Duke of Albany (wearing the uniform of the Seaforth Highlanders, of which he is Colonel), the Duke of Cambridge, the Duke and Duchess of Teck, Prince and Princess Christian, Sir Garnet Wolseley, Mr. Childers, Lord Hartington, Lord Northbrook, Major-General Sir Henry Ponsonby, and the ladies and gentlemen of the Royal suite. The soldiers were drawn up close to the entrance, with the Indian Contingent on the Queen's right, and on her Majesty coming forward she addressed them as follows:—"I have summoned you here today to confer upon you the well-earned medals commemorative of the short and brilliant, although arduous campaign, in which all have done their duty with courageous and undaunted devotion. Tell your comrades that I thank them heartily for the gallant services they have rendered to their Queen and country, and that I am proud of my soldiers and sailors, who have added fresh glories to the victories won by their predecessors."

The distribution then commenced, the soldiers being wheeled round to the eastern side of the quadrangle, so as to pass before the Queen in single file. Sir Garnet Wolseley was the first whom her Majesty decorated, and while the Queen was fastening the medal to his breast the bands struck up "See, the Conquering Hero comes." The officers came first, then the sailors, then the Household Cavalry, the men of different British regiments, and those of the Indian Contingent. In decorating her son, the Duke of Connaught, who was at the head of the Guards, the Queen kissed him. Her Majesty fastened the medal, with her own hands, to the breast of each of the Indian soldiers, and of all officers and others who were at the battle of Tel-el-Kebir.

Besides the two illustrations we give of this interesting scene on Tuesday week, our front-page Engravings represent that of Friday afternoon, in the Grand Reception Room of Windsor Castle, where her Majesty performed the ceremony of investing with the Order of the Bath, the Order of St. Michael and St. George, the Order of the Indian Empire, and the Order of British India, a large number of the officers who lately served in Egypt. The Queen, who wore the red ribbon of the Bath, the badges of the Garter and the Bath, and a large white ribbon-bow on her left shoulder (this was also worn by the Princesses), was accompanied by Princess Christian, Princess Beatrice, and the Duke and Duchess of Connaught. Her Majesty was attended by all the ladies and gentlemen of the Royal household, amongst whom those conspicuous in our Artist's Sketch are Sir Henry Ponsonby, Sir John Cowell, and the Hon. S. Ponsonby Fane. The Queen was assisted by Sir Albert Woods, Garter King-at-Arms, in decorating the officers presented to her with the proper insignia of the degrees which were conferred upon them. These were the following:—Lieutenant-General Sir J. M. Adye, G.C.B., Military Division of the First Class of the Order of the Bath; Vice-Admiral Sir W. M. Dowell, K.C.B.; Lieutenant-General Sir G. H. S. Willis, K.C.B.; Lieutenant-General Sir E. Bruce Hamley, K.C.B.; Rear-Admiral Sir Anthony Hoskins, Major-General Sir Drury Lowe, Colonel Sir Charles Nugent, Colonel Sir Oriel Tanner, each K.C.B.; Major-General Sir John McNeill; Major-General Sir Herbert Macpherson, K.C.S.I.; Colonel Sir Redvers Henry Buller, K.C.M.G.; and a good number made Companions of the Bath, or of the other distinguished Orders. Lieutenant-Colonel Pennington, 13th Bengal Lancers, and Major MacBay, 2nd Beloochees, were presented to her Majesty.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

MESSRS. GILBERT AND SULLIVAN'S NEW FAIRY OPERA.

There is no end to the whimsicality of Mr. W. S. Gilbert; there is no limit to his facetious irreverence. He is our dramatic iconoclast; he has no respect for persons, however grave, or for institutions, however time-honoured. With one blow from his destroying hand, one blast from his ludicrous trumpet, down fall the gauzes that intervene between us and fairy-land, down topple the stately walls of the British Constitution. The one eternal motto that Mr. Gilbert is perpetually dinning into our ears is, *omnia vincit amor*! Love is omnipotent. He spares nobody. The Judge in wig and spectacles, venerable and sedate, sitting on the bench in a law court, looks a very respectable personage, and utterly free from the subtle influences of the tender passion. Nonsense, he is susceptible, and ready to fall in love with the first comely wits. The portly bishop in shovel hat, silk apron, and neat gaiters, may be seen through the Gilbertian spectacles adorned with ribbons and piping a roundelay to a fascinating peasant. A venerable archdeacon exists only to cast sheep's eyes at a plump parishioner. The first Lord of the Admiralty himself, in spite of his diplomatic uniform, is human, like the rest of us, and his heart beats quick with emotion when he sees a pretty face; whilst the bravest and most stalwart of Life Guards, impressive in their uniform; the most gallant and cheery of our British tars when not engaged in shivering their timbers, and the most apparently prosaic of our modern policemen, are, according to the Gilbertian philosophy, perpetually followed, harassed, distracted, and undone by scores of "love-sick maidens," sisters, cousins, aunts, female relatives, fairies, or whatever this daring humourist chooses to call them. All these sorts and conditions of men, however grave, however sedate, however awe-inspiring, are perpetually singing the refrain of Mr. Gilbert's latest and most attractive song, "Oh! amorous dove! Type of Ovidius Naso, this heart of mine is soft as thine although I dare not say so!" Mr. Gilbert's philosophy is summed up in that one sentence.

The author of so many eccentricities—they are not plays, or poems, or operas, or burlesques, they are unlike anything that has ever preceded them in the recorded history of the drama—has been true once more to his own creed in "Iolanthe; or, the Peer and the Peri." The venerable personage who this time is complaining of his "amorous dove, type of Ovidius Naso," is none other than the Lord Chancellor of these realms: the seemingly unattractive personages who are levelled by the beams from a maiden's eye are none other than the assembled Peers, clad in their state robes and Court collars. According to Mr. Gilbert, love will find out the way, and by its magic power the members of the House of Lords will be sent dancing on to a rustic Arcadia, preceded by a military band and a susceptible Lord Chancellor, and will rush out of Westminster Hall to greet the "Liberty-clad maidens" who pursue them with such persistent devotion. And here it may be observed that the attractive chorus of female divinity, as used by Mr. Gilbert in his satire, is not over-gifted in maiden modesty. Destiny may have something to do with the lighting of the mutual fire of love; but these girls, whether they be fairies, or love-sick maidens, or attractive relatives, seem determined that they shall have the swaying of destiny. If love is to be made: they are the people to make it. Woman here is active: man is passive. These soft-robed damsels seize upon their "elective affinities," and love them, whether they like them or not. They "flop" before them, they dance round them, they trip after them, they follow them wherever they go; and whether they be soldiers, sailors, peers, or policemen. They are seemingly the legitimate descendants of those who in old times worshipped the "garden god," and there may be a deeper meaning here in Mr. Gilbert's satire than has hitherto been discovered. For my own part, I can discover no falling off whatever in the freshness or originality of Mr. Gilbert's muse. It has been objected that the theme is the same; probably it was intended to be. It has been urged that the treatment of such a subject is exhausting before its close; but this has been felt before in other operas that have enjoyed a triumphant success. The exhaustion, I think, is mainly due to the rapt attention that the libretto requires, and to the unrestrained laughter that it elicits. In ordinary society, at a dinner-table or where not, a clever conversationalist or a witty companion can exhaust his listeners. They implore him to stop, not because he is boring them, but because they can literally laugh no more. He makes them ache with laughing, and the endurance of the human frame is limited. As to "Iolanthe," I can only judge by my own feelings, and by them I should say that this opera would be as popular as any in the series. You will ask me why? and I answer because I want to see it again. It is impossible to have a better test of popularity. I was so interested in the book that I could scarcely attend to the stage, except with my ears, and this feeling was general, for the whole audience was plunged into the mysteries of the libretto, and when the time came for turning over the leaves of the book there was such a rustling as is only equalled when musicians are following a score at an oratorio. Next time I should like to see the opera, and discard the book; and there are hundreds who think as I do.

I will leave to a more competent pen the task of saying something about Mr. Arthur Sullivan's music, which, to my mind, is as instinct with humour as Mr. Gilbert's words. Concerning these words, however, I may say something, having scribbled some verses at odd times these many years. They seem to me, so far as accuracy of rhyme, perfection of time, and full and variety of metre, to be as good verses as could be made. Their humour stands for itself. There is no living writer who could produce such an example of finished and faultless work. Not a single rhyme jars upon the most sensitive ear; there is not one word misplaced. These things are supposed to count for nothing; but believe me when I say that they caused that rapt attention that resulted not in listless attitudes, but in rustling leaves. If writers of libretti only knew how to write verses their audiences would not be so continually bored; and Mr. Gilbert's neatness of manufacture has had its inspiring effect. The two senior members of the company, Mr. George Grossmith and Mr. Rutland Barrington, never played better, spoke more distinctly, or were more finished in their work than in the new "Iolanthe." Author and artist were in accord here, and the result was all that could be desired. They were always quaint: never exaggerated: they suggested, and did not force the humour. Another most valuable member of the company is Miss Alice Barnett, who plays the protecting fairy, and having fallen in love with the Westminster sentinel is supposed to fly with him to fairy-land. This part badly played would have ruined the opera: Miss Barnett helped to make the success. Mr. Manners, the "Private Willis, of the Grenadier Guards," unknown to the stage, at once made his mark by a capital performance. Miss Leonora Braham, Miss Bond, and Miss Fortescue are always welcome; but I could have wished a better opportunity for the display of the strong comedy sense of Miss Julia Gwynne. Nothing better than the mounting, arrangement, and discipline of this play could be effected. C. S.

MUSIC.

NEW FAIRY OPERA AT THE SAVOY THEATRE.

"Iolanthe; or, The Peer and the Peri"—the joint work of Mr. W. S. Gilbert and Mr. Arthur Sullivan, produced at the Savoy Theatre on Saturday evening—is noticed, in its dramatic aspect, in our theatrical column. The music which Mr. Sullivan has supplied is throughout bright and melodious—the choral passages for the fairies, especially the charming phrase of the opening chorus, "Tripping, hither" (which recurs afterwards), being full of delicate grace. The love duet for Phyllis and Strephon, "None shall part us," the graceful duet for Leila and Celia, "In vain to us"; the ballad for Phyllis, "For riches and rank"; the pleasing solo for the Fairy Queen, "Oh, foolish fay"; the expressive ballad for Iolanthe, "He loves"; and the tuneful quartet, "Though, perhaps, I may incur," are among many instances of suave melodious writing; while the songs for the Lord Chancellor, "When I went to the Bar" and "When you're lying awake," are excellent specimens of comic music, exuberant in humour, yet free from coarseness or vulgarity; other instances of the kind being the buffo trio, "If you go in," and the pompous music associated with the entry of the ineane Peers in their robes of state.

The finale to the first act, with its varied dramatic contrasts, is a special instance of Mr. Sullivan's sustained power and effective use of vocal and orchestral combinations. The music altogether is quite equal to that of the several previous works of the kind from the same hands. To Miss Leonora Braham (Phyllis) and Miss J. Bond (Iolanthe) belongs the chief praise as vocalists—Mr. Grossmith's delivery of his music having been excellent in its comic aspect; and the representatives of the Fairy Queen (Miss A. Barnett), the three Fairies (Misses Fortescue, Gwynne, and Grey), of Strephon, the two principal Earls, and the Sentry (Messrs. Temple, Barrington, Lely, and Manners); having all been efficient in their various degrees. The band was especially good, and the chorus was generally satisfactory; the performance altogether (conducted by Mr. Sullivan) having evidenced very careful preparation.

MR. GEAUSSANT'S CHOIR.

The first of two concerts took place at St. James's Hall on Thursday week, when the excellent singing of the well-trained choristers was displayed in various pieces, sacred and secular. Of the former description were Bach's fine cantata, Englished as "O Light everlasting," and Schubert's Psalm (for female choir), "The Lord is my Shepherd." In Bennett's fine old madrigal, "All creatures now are merry-minded," and part-songs by Hatton, Blumenthal, Macfarren, and Benedict, the singing of the choir was particularly effective. The voices are bright and fresh in quality, and their general readiness manifests the effects of good training and practice. The choral music was interspersed with pieces for solo voices, a specialty among which was Beethoven's "Adelaide," very finely rendered by Mr. E. Lloyd, the other principal vocalists of the evening having been Misses C. Samuel and M. McKenzie, and Mr. F. King. Mr. C. E. Stephens's clever "Duo concertante" for two pianofortes—played by himself and Mr. Geauissant—gave an agreeable variety to the vocal music. The second concert is announced for Feb. 6, and is to include a performance of Bach's grand motet, "Sing ye to the Lord."

The annual performance of "The Messiah" by the Royal Society of Musicians took place—also at St. James's Hall—yesterday (Friday) week. The soloists were—Misses Davies, J. Jones, and H. Wilson; Madame Fasset, Mr. E. Lloyd, Mr. Cummings, Mr. King, and Mr. Hilton. Previous performances were conducted by Mr. Cusins, but Mr. Barby was the conductor on this occasion—Mr. Carrodus having been the leading violinist, and Dr. E. J. Hopkins the organist.

Last Saturday's Crystal Palace concert included the first appearance here of Miss Arma Harkness, a skilful violinist, who obtained a very marked success by her fine performance of Vieuxtemps' fourth concerto, and a solo piece by Sarasate. Mr. Maas contributed the vocal music. At the concert of the preceding week, Madame Howitz was the vocalist, it having been her first appearance in England. The lady displayed a voice apparently more remarkable for power than for cultivation. At that concert Mr. Corder's pleasing "Nocturne" for orchestra (produced at Mr. Kuhe's recent Brighton Festival) was well received, and Mlle. Janotha's refined and skilful pianoforte playing was a special feature of the day. At this week's concert M. Gounod's new oratorio, "The Redemption," is to be given for the first time here.

An evening concert, in aid of the funds of the Clerkenwell Benevolent Society, took place on Monday evening, at St. Mary's Hall, Islington. The programme was of a varied and attractive nature, and included the co-operation of some well-known artists.

Mlle. Janotha, the eminent pianist, made her last appearances at the Popular Concerts of this season on Saturday afternoon and on Monday evening. On the earlier occasion, her chief performances were in Beethoven's "Sonata Appassionata," for piano solo, and Mendelssohn's Pianoforte Trio in C minor. On Monday her principal solo piece was Chopin's Fantasia in F sharp minor; besides which she sustained the principal part in Schumann's pianoforte quintet. The vocalists were: on Saturday, Miss Sautley, on Monday Mr. E. Lloyd. Herr Joachim makes his first appearance this season at the concert of next Monday evening.

The present series of Promenade Concerts at Covent-Garden Theatre is announced to close at the end of next week. The performances have well maintained their interest and variety.

The second of the three ballad concerts announced by Mr. John Boosey to be given before Christmas took place at St. James's Hall last Wednesday evening with a programme of the usual attractive variety, including the co-operation of Misses M. Davies and Sautley, Madame Antoinette Sterling, Mr. E. Lloyd, Mr. Maybrick, and Mr. Sautley, the members of the South London Choral Association—the vocal music relieved by the violin performances of Madame Norman-Neruda. The last concert of the year is announced for next Wednesday afternoon.

St. Andrew's Day—on Thursday last—was celebrated by concerts of a national character at the Royal Albert Hall and St. James's Hall—the programme, in the first instance, having been rendered partly commemorative of the recent victories in Egypt.

The Highbury Philharmonic Society held the first subscription concert of the season on Monday at the Highbury Athenæum, the programme including Gade's "Psyche" and a miscellaneous selection. Dr. J. F. Bridge conducted; and the band and chorus comprised two hundred performers. A good programme was well rendered, calling forth warm approbation from a full house.—Miss Fanny Boxell is announced to give a concert at the Athenæum on Friday evening, Dec. 1; M. Sainton performing, and Miss Boxell playing the Moonlight Sonata.

THE SILENT MEMBER.

Sympathisers with Sir Stafford Northcote in his patient endurance of the willfulness of the "Fourth Party" will cordially wish the right hon. Baronet may be thoroughly restored to health by "A Life on the Ocean Wave." The end of the past week saw the Leader of the Opposition waving farewell from the deck of the Pandora to his friend and colleague, Mr. W. H. Smith, who forthwith returned to the front Opposition bench to assist Sir Richard Cross and Lord John Manners in conducting the attack on the remaining Procedure rules of Mr. Gladstone's Ministry.

As Deputy Leader of the Opposition, Sir Richard Cross (sketched to the life in Mr. Harry Furniss's page of Parliamentary portraits) sits by no manner of means on a bed of roses. The ex-Home Secretary has done his spiriting gently—comparatively—and with that combination of sound common-sense with precision of speech which might be regarded as—well, as dogmatic, coming from a personage of less consideration. Still, for all that, Sir Richard finds himself liable at any moment to have his authority set at naught by the noble Lord, who, occupying the coign of vantage on the other side of the gangway, is ever ready to discontinue fondling his prized moustache when he sees a chance of assailing the Prime Minister—too frequently in a style suggestive of the patter of a modern music-hall singer. As Lord Randolph Churchill's Attorney-General-designate, Mr. Gorst is the noble Lord's stanch co-adjutor—and possesses a barrister's proverbial facility for saying anything on any subject at any length and at any moment. Perhaps that is why he is honoured with a niche in Mr. Furniss's House of Commons sketches.

Granted that the dulness of debate has been relieved by the mercurial spirits of the noble Lord, who appears to be ambitious of contesting at once Sir Wilfrid Lawson's right to the title of the House's jester, and Anybody else's fitness to lead the Conservative Party—what then? Surely, ex-Ministers (along with the Government, and the House generally) have good reason for protesting against the undue obtrusiveness of the small, self-sufficient knot familiarly known as the "Fourth Party!" Not only have men of ripe political wisdom like Sir Stafford Northcote, Sir Richard Cross, and Mr. W. H. Smith (whose sagacity in counsel and acknowledged administrative ability entitle him to special respect) been virtually snubbed by the irrepressible Member for Woodstock; but the debating ability of Lord George Hamilton and Mr. Edward Stanhope (ablest of Lord Beaconsfield's "young men"), and of all but the most pushing members of the front Opposition bench, may be said to have been practically eclipsed by the sun of the "Fourth Party."

Crossing from the Opposition to the Ministerial side of the House, we come (in the sketch) upon the familiar figures of Colonel Nolan (long the genial "whip" of the Irish Home-Rule Party—a function which for obvious reasons he had the good taste to give up) and Dr. Lyon Playfair, the acute Chairman of Committees. The little misunderstanding which existed last week between the right hon. gentleman and the hon. and gallant member was soon cleared away by Dr. Playfair's explicit denial that he had sent a warning to him threatening him with suspension if he voted on a certain occasion with the "obstructives." Of the right hon. J. G. Dodson (shown at the table in the illustration) nothing further needs to be said than that his qualifications for a seat in the Cabinet are probably more patent to Mr. Gladstone than to members outside that sanctum. The President of the Local Government Board is hardly a tower of strength, however, to the Government. With regard to Mr. Forster and Mr. Joseph Cowen (whose likenesses it has been more difficult to catch), the right hon. member for Bradford would obviously look less like a fish out of water than he does were he to return to the Treasury bench in the capacity of a Cabinet Minister; whilst it may be said in extenuation of the hon. member for Newcastle-on-Tyne's persistent rhetorical flights against the policy of the Prime Minister that he has but followed the road to office pursued with somewhat less intensity by the present Home Secretary and Postmaster-General. Lastly, I observe, Mr. Chamberlain is portrayed—with rather a flattering pencil, which has given breadth to his rather sharp face. The President of the Board of Trade, and prime author of the "Caucus," cannot be said to have realised yet the high anticipations his friends formed of his supreme capacity for a high Ministerial post; but he has, at any rate, vied with Mr. Fawcett in the exemplary perspicacity of his departmental expositions.

These personal features briefly touched upon, the actual business done of late by the Commons may be compressed into a nutshell. The new rule for regulating motions for adjournment was put in force the first time on Thursday, the 23rd inst. More than twice the forty members the rule requires rose in their places in favour of the "urgency" of the matter when the Speaker put the question whether Mr. Parnell should be permitted to introduce his motion for the adjournment. As the object of the Home-Rule Leader was, in view of the impending distress in the West of Ireland, to secure an extension of the Irish Arrears Act to a longer period—a proposition Mr. Trevelyan could not agree to, inasmuch as he was confident Government could and would grapple with the distress—Mr. Parnell was justified in his course of action. But the readiness with which motions for adjournment have been granted since points to the urgent necessity of fencing this privilege with further restrictions. When important measures demand precedence, why should not the Ministry have the power to apply the Closure to motions for adjournment?

Although the red herring of the "Kilmainham Treaty" was trailed across the path by Mr. R. Yorke yesterday week—only to elicit from Mr. Gladstone an emphatic assertion that the alleged "treaty" was quite fictitious—the House regained scent of Procedure, and had another brisk midnight run across technical country.

Mr. Gladstone grimly remarked on Monday that, "as a resolution upon Procedure takes about as much time to settle, on an average, as an article of religion," there was small chance of the "thirty-nine" additional resolutions on the paper being considered. The amendment moved by Mr. E. Stanhope and seconded by Sir John Lubbock, to the effect that the Closure rule should be tried for next Session only, was rejected by 137 to 90 votes. Whereupon the first seven resolutions were made standing orders; and Mr. Gladstone gave cogent reasons in support of the resolution—

That two standing Committees be appointed for the consideration of all bills relating to law and courts of justice, and to trade, shipping, and manufactures, which may be committed to them respectively.

This Ministerial proposition met with adverse criticism at the hands of Sir Richard Cross, Mr. Edward Stanhope, Mr. Gibson, and Lord Randolph Churchill; but was defended by Mr. Forster and Mr. Dodson. When the hour arrived for the resumption of the debate on Tuesday, Mr. Gibson intervened with a motion for adjournment in order to argue a question which had at the commencement of the sitting been

explicitly answered by Mr. Trevelyan—namely, that the Irish Land Commission would employ sub-commissioners in place of the Court valuers. The storm in a teapot brewed by Mr. Gibson having subsided, Sir Richard Cross's amendment declaring it inexpedient to consider the proposal for Standing Committees was negatived by 133 against 77 votes.

The Speaker was unable, to the regret of everyone, to preside the whole of Tuesday evening. He was suffering from a cold. Dr. Playfair took the chair in his absence on Tuesday and Wednesday.

The shocking murder of Detective Cox in Dublin by a supposed Fenian led to a timely question being put on Monday to the Secretary for Ireland, who, while deploring the occurrence, quoted statistics to prove that there could be no connection between the revolutionary movement (directed from New York, it is believed) and the agrarian question. Mr. Trevelyan had on Tuesday the sad duty to state how the victim of a later Dublin outrage, Mr. Field, was progressing.

The Prime Minister on Tuesday had something to say as to the further cost of our little war in Egypt. In addition to the £2,300,000 already voted, £1,060,000 will be required—£750,000 for the War Office, and £310,000 for the Admiralty; making in all £3,360,000 to be paid from the British Exchequer. The Indian Contingent cost the Indian Revenue £1,140,000. A total of £4,500,000 will cover the whole charges of the war, Mr. Gladstone expressing the hope that the Egyptian Government would pay the cost of the troops left to maintain order. Hon. members meanwhile are one and all anxious to escape from the Egyptian bondage of service in the House.

PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Paris, Tuesday, Nov. 28.

This week we have a flood of gossip, hearsay, and "indiscretions." The Royalist plot of a few days ago has been replaced by M. Gambetta's plot. Yes; it appears that young M. Joseph Reinach has been showing off his knowledge of State secrets at Madame Adam's, and so a journalist who was listening—those journalists always are listening—revealed to the public the conspiracy of the Rue Saint-Didier. The object of the conspiracy is to make General Campenon succeed M. Grévy as President of the Republic, the idea being that General Campenon would be the docile instrument of M. Gambetta. It appears, however, that General Campenon refuses to become a candidate, as may be seen from this distich. Gambetta loquitor:

La place de Grévy pour moi n'est qu'un vain nom;
Voulez-vous, général, qu'on vous y campe? Non!

Everybody is grumbling: some about the rain, others about their neuralgia, others about business. It seems that business is bad. There is nothing doing at the Bourse, and when the Bourse is dull everything else is dull. It is a curious fact that since the crash of the Union Générale the financiers have turned against the Republic. So at present Marianne has against her the clergy, the nobility, the financiers, and the demi-monde! You may imagine the fuss that has been made about the budgetary deficits which M. Tirard has vainly sought for in all his waistcoat pockets. The latest reports represent the deficit as between three and four millions. But who shall say, if the Minister of Finance himself does not know?

The fiftieth anniversary and second representation of "Le Roi s'Amuse" took place at the Comédie-Française on the 22nd, in presence of an audience such as one can only see in Paris. Everybody present bore a name celebrated in literature, art, or society. Between the acts the lobbies were an animated dictionary of the men of the time. This being the case, it is useless to enumerate. Never, perhaps, had there been gathered together an audience more sympathetic to the great poet whose work was about to be played after an interval of fifty years, never an audience more ready to applaud, more willing to contribute to an author's triumph than that of last Wednesday. Unfortunately, all this good will was lost: it was impossible to applaud "Le Roi s'Amuse." The audience simply listened, with an astonishment that became colder and colder as the piece proceeded. The lugubrious jokes of Triboulet, the wearisome tirades of Saint-Vallier, the abominable travesty of François I., and the interminable monologue of Triboulet with his foot on the sack which he supposes to contain the body of the King of France—all this was unendurable on the stage. Furthermore, the costumes, about which we had heard so much, were mediocre, and the acting of the piece wanting in felicity. M. Got has neither the voice nor the character for the part of Triboulet; M. Mounet-Sully's François I. leaves much to be desired; and Mlle. Bartet as Blanche is simply inaudible and almost invisible, thanks to over-sincerity of the *mise-en-scène*. In short, the whole performance was a bitter disappointment for all present, and doubtless a disenchantment for Victor Hugo himself, who may have remembered, if he did not anticipate for himself, certain honours accorded in analogous circumstances to the author of "Irene."

Notes and news. M. Gambetta, while practising with a pistol at Ville d'Avray on Monday, wounded himself in the hand and arm. M. Gambetta will be obliged to pass a week in bed.—M. Savorgnan de Brazza, the African explorer, will return to the Congo river next month. A bill will be brought into the Chamber this week for opening a credit of a quarter of a million, to cover the expense of his new enterprise.—The Madagascar Ambassadors, having failed to come to an understanding with the Duc de Broglie, left Paris on Sunday morning. It is expected that the squadron off Zanzibar will receive orders to bombard the forts of Queen Ramavolo.—Clément Caraguel, who succeeded Jules Janin as dramatic critic of the *Journal des Débats*, died last week. His successor is M. Henri Aron.—On Dec. 4, the work of the demolition of the ruins of the Tuileries will be put up for public contract. The ground is to be entirely cleared within six months.—An audacious robbery has been accomplished in the Cathedral of Saint Denis. The treasury of the monument has been sacked, and articles of an intrinsic value of about 8000*fr.* have been abstracted, including the crowns of Charlemagne, Louis XVI., Marie Antoinette, Louis XVIII., the Duc de Berry, and the Prince de Condé. The experts value Charlemagne's crown at only 120*fr.* M. Falguère, author of the projected plan of decoration now figuring on the summit of the Arc de Triomphe, has been elected member of the Académie des Beaux-Arts.

At the Porte Saint Martin a new spectacular piece, by MM. Jules Verne and D'Ennery, "Le Voyage à Travers l'Impossible," has been produced, with moderate success. The piece is stupid in the extreme, but the scenery is fine, and the three ballets are absolutely novel and graceful. The amount of inventiveness in the designs of the costumes and in the choreographic composition of these ballets is really remarkable.

T. C.

Mr. Walter Wren, Liberal, and the Hon. Algernon Egerton, Conservative, were on Tuesday nominated as candidates for the representation of Wigan. The polling takes place to-day.

CITY ECHOES.

WEDNESDAY.

Since I last wrote the money market has assumed more firmness in consequence of the very weak condition of the New York Exchange. The fall in the rate for sterling was apparently promoted in great measure by an artificially produced monetary stringency; but from the circumstance that the break-up of the "corner," through the action of the Secretary of the United Treasury in calling for £2,000,000 bonds per week for the Sinking Fund, though causing an instant easing in the money market, failed to beneficially influence the Exchange, it would seem that there was some more deep-seated cause for the relapse in the rate. The New York Associated Banks are being drawn upon for currency to a larger extent than usual at this season, owing to the lateness of the harvest, and their resources are kept at an abnormally low point. It is probable, however, that the letting out of funds by the Treasury will ease the position, and lessen the necessity of drawing on London for gold, although it is tolerably certain that some will go this year; and in any case the value of money in Lombard-street will be well sustained until January.

The stock markets have shown more steadiness, owing to the improvement of tone reported, both from the Paris and New York markets. In the former case the recovery has been due to the subsidence of political apprehension, the adoption of the Public Works estimates of the Government, which at one time threatened the existence of the Cabinet, and to the cessation of the sales of the stocks taken up by the large financial houses during the January Crisis. In America the war of rates has been confined to the North-West, and the opening of negotiations to terminate the struggle has created a better feeling, while the return of ease in the money market, and an adjustment of the disputes in the iron trade, have also aided a recovery. The improvement has elicited a ready response on this side, in which Canadian and Mexican stocks have participated. Home railways have also acquired more steadiness in sympathy, but in this case a sensible improvement is checked by the apathy of the outside public, and no great rally can perhaps be looked for during the rest of the year.

A rumour that a reduction of interest on the Egyptian Debt is contemplated has been revived, but careful inquiries in well-informed quarters have failed to get it confirmed. Such an interference with the rights of the bondholders could only be effected with the consent of all the Powers who were parties to the Law of Liquidation, and in my opinion no such consent is likely to be given. An agreement for the virtual effacement of French influence in Egypt is likely enough, because it touches nobody's pocket; but an interference with present financial arrangements would affect interests abroad, as compared with which those of English investors are insignificant.

A rise has occurred in Virginia New Funded Bonds, owing to the decision of the Court of Appeal confirming the "tax-receivability" of the Ten-Forty Coupons. It would be rash to assume that the would-be repudiators, who are strong in numbers and well-endowed with a questionable kind of ingenuity, have exhausted all their resources for harrying the bondholders, but the position of the latter has been so strengthened as to effectually safe-guard them against a successful attack on their rights in the future.

Brighton Deferred Stock continues out of favour, an additional cause of weakness having been the introduction into Parliament of a competitive line to Eastbourne from Beckenham. An agitation is also afloat for a rival route to Brighton, great dissatisfaction being expressed at the poorness of the accommodation at present afforded, both to visitors and residents. Moreover, very low estimates of the dividend are current. But a main cause of the weakness has been the entire cessation of buying by the Greek Syndicate.

It is worth noting that at the instance of an important group of French institutions the Two-and-a-Half per Cent stock of the British Government has been admitted to quotation on the Paris Bourse. This is the first time that any British stock has been quoted outside of the kingdom, and to my mind it is significant of the need of the large French institutions for the most secure non-national stock in which to place some portion of their reserves. No Communism can touch the value of the British Funds.

The Hudson's Bay meeting on Tuesday was disappointing, and the shares in consequence further declined. Not only is no interim dividend paid this year, but it is clear from what the chairman said that the practice of paying something on account is to be given up. As to the probable result of the whole financial year now current, the chairman, while carefully refraining from holding out definite hopes, expressed the opinion that the shareholders might look for something next June. That is certainly saying very little to the holders of shares, which, with £17 paid, have recently been quoted £40, and are, as I write, above £32.

Under the title of the Thames Freight and Passenger Navigation Company, Limited, it is proposed to raise capital sufficient to acquire and carry out certain methods for supplying communication across the Thames, below London Bridge. Of the need of such facilities there can be no doubt; and the directors have, for £7950 in ordinary shares, fifty founders' shares of £1, and £4000 in cash, acquired rights which they believe will enable them to effect the purpose in view. The proposed capital is £199,950 in ordinary shares and £50 in vendors' shares of £1. The founders' shares do not rank for dividends until the ordinary shares have received 6 per cent. All surplus is to be divided between the ordinary shares and vendors' shares, in the proportion of two thirds to the former and one third to the latter.

T. S.

Mr. Raikes was on Tuesday night declared to have been returned as member for Cambridge University, he having polled 3491 votes, against 1301 given for Professor Stuart.

Messrs. Stafford and Grey, of Milk-street, have produced the Army and Navy Album, in which artistic embellishment of a high character is combined with utility for the preservation of photographic portraits. Thirteen pages of this handsome table-book are illustrated with fac-simile reproductions, in colour, of pictures, by Mr. R. Caton Woodville, illustrative of "the most renowned and picturesque" of our land and marine forces.

Mr. Joseph Thompson, managing director of the Lancashire and Cheshire Telephonic Exchange Company, states that a news paragraph in our last issue, reporting a fire in a Manchester warehouse, greatly exaggerated the risk to the public incurred by the breaking and falling of electric wires converging over the building. There were on the building in question only forty-seven wires (not three hundred, as stated); and of these not one broke. Forty-two wires were attached to a standard, and when the roof fell the standard went with it; but the wires did not part from it, and they were kept in their place eighty feet above the ground till the Company's men cut them. The remaining five wires were attached to a chimney, and neither they nor it fell.



THE QUEEN ADDRESSING THE TROOPS OF THE EGYPTIAN EXPEDITION AT WINDSOR CASTLE.

THE COURT.

The duties of the Crown have continued onerous since her Majesty's return to Windsor. Among the latest have been an investiture of the Orders of the Bath, the Star of India, St. Michael and St. George, the Indian Empire, and British India, when the various knighthoods and insignia were bestowed by the Queen upon those who had distinguished themselves in the Egyptian Campaign. The usual state ceremonial was observed, and luncheon was served in the Waterloo Chamber. Her Majesty has also received Prince Taruhito, Commander-in-Chief of the Japanese army, and cousin to the Emperor of Japan, with his suite; his Imperial Highness bringing presents of Japanese workmanship from the Emperor. Large dinner parties have been entertained by the Queen; the guests, besides the Royal family, including Lord and Lady Wolsley, together with numerous officers recently returned from Egypt. Divine service was performed on Sunday in the private chapel of the castle by the Dean of Llandaff, her Majesty and Princess Beatrice attending. The invalids in Netley Hospital have been visited by the Queen, and her Majesty has held a Council, and given audience to the Judge Advocate-General. The Duke and Duchess of Albany have been on a visit during the week. The Grand Duke of Hesse, who came to England to be present at the Review of troops by the Queen, returned to Germany after a few days' stay at Windsor.

Her Majesty has given sittings to Mr. Boehm at the castle for two busts he is executing for her. Mr. C. Fohn, of Düsseldorf, has also received the Queen's commands to paint a portrait of the Duke of Connaught. A diploma signed by her Majesty has been conferred on the members of the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours.

Last Saturday was the anniversary of the birthdays of two of her Majesty's grandchildren—Princess Victoria Melita of Edinburgh and Prince Ernest Louis of Hesse.

The Queen presented Miss Violet Lindsay, on her marriage to Mr. Henry J. B. Manners, with an Indian shawl and a framed photograph of herself. The Prince and Princess of Wales's bridal gift was a diamond butterfly brooch; Princess Beatrice's, a diamond and sapphire crescent brooch; and the Duke of Albany's, a diamond and pearl ring.

Princess Beatrice has paid a visit to the Empress Eugénie at Farnborough.

The Prince and Princess of Wales returned to Sandringham last Saturday, after visiting Lord Walsingham at Merton, where the Prince had some excellent covert shooting. Their Royal Highnesses, with their daughters, attended Divine service on Sunday at St. Mary Magdalene's Church. Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, Prince Augustus of Saxe-Coburg Gotha, the Austrian-Hungarian Ambassador, the Danish Minister, and a large party have been entertained during the week, good game bags having been made in the Royal preserves. The thirty-eighth anniversary of the Princess's birthday being yesterday (Friday), a dance was to be given last evening at Sandringham in celebration.

The Duke of Edinburgh has been suffering from a bronchial affection, which prevented him meeting Lord and Lady Wolsley at Ashford station last Saturday on their arrival on a visit to the Duke and Duchess at Eastwell Park. His Royal Highness has relinquished his appointment of Admiral Superintendent of Naval Reserves.

The Duke of Connaught and Prince Christian have been shooting through the Rapley and Bagshot covers. The Duke has received from the Emperor of Germany, in recognition of his services in Egypt, the Ordre pour le Mérite, founded by Frederick the Great, the highest military decoration in the gift of the Prussian Crown.

OPENING OF THE ROYAL COURTS OF JUSTICE.

Some disappointment having been expressed at the decision come to in regard to the route to be followed by her Majesty on the opening of the New Law Courts on Monday next—by the Embankment, and through Norfolk-street to the Strand—it was resolved, at a meeting of the Works Committee of the Strand District Board, to request Mr. Shaw-Lefevre to receive a deputation on the subject. Mr. Shaw-Lefevre was able to inform the deputation that waited upon him last Monday that the Queen, on being informed of the existence of a strong wish that it should proceed by way of the Strand, at once consented to this alteration. The return route will be the same, with the exception that the return will be by the lower side of Trafalgar-square and Cockspur-street.

The route will be down Constitution-hill, through St. James's Park, Pall-mall, and past the National Gallery into the Strand, via Duncannon-street. The Queen will be accompanied by the Duke of Albany and Princess Beatrice, and will be met at the Royal Courts of Justice by the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Connaught, the Duke of Cambridge, the Duke of Teck, and Prince Christian. It is feared that the Duke of Edinburgh will not be able to be present. The Queen will be at the Courts of Justice by twelve o'clock, and persons invited are requested to be present at eleven o'clock. Her Majesty will be received in front of the new Law Courts, under a richly decorated canopy, by the Lord Chancellor and Judges, the First Commissioner of Works, and the secretary of the department. A procession will then be formed and will take its way through the great vestibule, a light and lofty apartment with a fine groined roof, supported by polished marble figures. It had been at first proposed that the Queen, when opening the new Courts of Justice, should take her stand in the very centre of the Great Hall, which is unquestionably the finest modern interior of the Gothic style in the world. But, after careful consideration, it has been thought most advisable that her Majesty's place should be the far end, where a dais and steps will be raised.

It is understood that the Lord Chancellor will entertain the Judges at breakfast in the Peers' Refreshment-Room in the House of Lords prior to their Lordships proceeding to take part in the ceremony. Their Lordships will go in procession from Westminster to the Royal Courts of Justice.

The Lord Mayor, the Aldermen, the members of the Common Council, and the high officers of the Corporation, will proceed in state from the Mansion House to the New Law Courts, in order that they may take part in the opening ceremony. The Lord Mayor's procession will be preceded by trumpeters and mounted police.

The Benchers of the Honourable Society of the Middle Temple will entertain the Prince and Princess of Wales and other distinguished guests at luncheon in the hall in Plowden-buildings, of which society the Prince is a Bencher. The luncheon will take place in a spacious marquee erected for the purpose in the gardens near the Middle Temple Library, and which, it is said, will be capable of accommodating about 2500 persons. The Benchers of the Inner Temple have also invited the barristers and students of that Inn to luncheon on the same occasion, but the invitations are limited to the number which can be accommodated in the Benchers' chambers and the hall. It has been arranged by the Benchers of Gray's Inn that there shall be a dinner to the members of that honourable society on Monday.

FOREIGN AND COLONIAL NEWS.

ITALY.

Signor Farini has been re-elected President of the Chamber of Deputies.

THE NETHERLANDS.

The Second Chamber has adopted the remaining chapters of the Indian Budget.

AUSTRIA-HUNGARY.

The Lower House of the Hungarian Diet has adopted without amendment the Convention with the State Railway.

GERMANY.

The Emperor left Berlin yesterday week, accompanied by several members of the Imperial family, for Springe, near Hanover, for some shooting, returning the next day.

Baron von Manteuffel, formerly President of the Prussian Ministry, died on Sunday night. He was nearly seventy-eight years old, and had been living as a private citizen for the past twenty-four years.

In Germany the rivers have overflowed their banks, and communication in many places has been interrupted.

RUSSIA.

It is stated that the coronation of the Czar is fixed for next April. The Empress went to St. Petersburg again last week for the purpose of opening a new female academy, established as a trial of a new system of practical education for women—a duty hitherto entirely neglected in Russia.

According to official returns, the revenue of the empire from Feb. 1 last to Sept. 1 shows an increase of 44,000,000 roubles, and the expenditure a decrease of 26,000,000 roubles, as compared with the same period of last year.

The agitation among the students in St. Petersburg is causing serious alarm.

AMERICA.

President Arthur opened a fair last Saturday at the Capitol in aid of a fund to erect a monument to General Garfield.

The Marshal of the District of Columbia, the Postmaster and Assistant-Postmaster at Washington, a Government Director of the Union Pacific Railway, and another official, have been removed from their posts by President Arthur for having interfered with the administration of justice in the recent Star Route trials.

The death is announced of Mr. Thurlow Weed, the well-known New York politician.

The estimated yield of wheat for this year amounts, according to the annual report of the Commissioner of Agriculture, to 510,000,000 bushels, and not 410,000,000, as at first announced.

AUSTRALIA.

Lord Augustus Loftus, the Governor of New South Wales, has issued a proclamation dissolving the Parliament.

Mapoch, the Basuto chief, who was reported a short time ago to have defeated the Boers, is said to be suing for peace.

Winnipeg, Manitoba, has now a tramway, and its main street, two miles long, has recently been lighted by electricity.

Mr. William Tyrrell, of the Bengal Civil Service, has been appointed a Judge of the High Court of Judicature for the North-Western Provinces.

Sir Samuel Rowe, K.C.M.G., the Governor of the Gold Coast, who is about to resume the administration of the colony, left Liverpool on Saturday last.

The Scottish Hero, Captain Fraser, left Plymouth for Brisbane on the 20th ult., with 297 statute adults. Also the Almor, Captain Hoy, from Plymouth, on the 22nd ult., with 294½ statute adults.

It will be of interest to master mariners and seamen of all nationalities frequenting French ports to know that a change has been made by the Chambre Syndicale Maritime et Fluviale in the use of the nautical term "babord," as it has often been mistaken for "tribord" (starboard). The equivalent for port will henceforward be "bord bas."

The Queen has approved the appointment of Major-General Sir W. Jervois, Governor of South Australia, to be Governor of New Zealand, in the place of the Hon. Sir A. Gordon, who is about to retire from that Government; and the appointment of Sir W. Robinson, Governor of Western Australia, to be Governor of South Australia.

A third International Exhibition of Fine Arts at Munich will be held next year, under the patronage of King Louis II. It is proposed that every country shall form a special collective exhibition, the admission to which is to depend upon the decision of a national jury, and the different committees will execute their tasks with the co-operation of foreign members. The exhibition is to open early in July and to close about the end of October.

The Sirhind Canal has been opened by the Viceroy of India. This is an event of great importance for the Punjab, and of great interest for this country. It is one of the greatest works of the kind in the world, and is designed to irrigate the enormous area of over 1200 square miles. The canal itself is over 500 miles in length, and of subsidiary channels there are some 2000 miles more. The engineering difficulties of bringing the waters of the Sutlej to three-quarters of a million acres of thirsty soil have been, as may well be imagined, both great and numerous.

The portrait of the late Mr. E. B. Stephens, A.R.A., which we published last week, was from a photograph by Mr. A. E. Fradelle, of the National Photo-Mezzotint Gallery, 246, Regent-street.

Our Portrait of the late Mr. J. M. Herbert, County Court Judge, is from a photograph by Marshall Wane, of Edinburgh; that of Rao Dadoba Pandurang, from one by Hormusjee, of Bombay; and that of Captain Dugald Macfarlane, one by C. Lawrence, of Christchurch, New Zealand.

Lord Salisbury brought his visit to Edinburgh to a close on Monday when he was presented with the freedom of the city. In returning thanks for the honour, his Lordship dwelt on the value of local self-government as opposed to centralisation. In the evening the noble Marquis attended a banquet in the Freemasons' Hall, given him by Conservative peers.

Messrs. De la Rue and Co. forward some specimens of the diaries, calendars, and kindred publications, for which this house has long been famous. The pocket "indelible" diaries, in different sizes, fitted in velvet, russia, calf, or morocco, are especially noteworthy; then there are pocket calendars, "finger-shaped" diaries, ornamental wall calendars, and monthly tablets, almost defying classification. They are printed in red and blue, or in gold and colours, ornamented with original designs, and are as serviceable as they are elegant. The Christmas and New-Year cards issued by this firm are distinguished by taste and high finish, the satin-printed ones and the fringed sachets being especially delicate.—Mr. Albert Marx, of Jewin-street, also publishes a tasteful variety of Christmas and New-Year cards.—Then Messrs. Sparagnapane and Co., of Milton-street, send one or two samples of their latest novelties in Cosques, their "Tel-el-Kebir" and "Egyptian" luggage being appropriate to the present time.

GENERAL HOME NEWS.

The private view of the Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours, Pall-mall East, is fixed for Saturday (to-day).

The Bishop of Chichester consecrated the new Church of St. Anne, Upperton-gardens, Eastbourne, last Saturday.

The formal opening of the new Townhall at Hove, near Brighton, has been fixed for Dec. 13.

Vice-Admiral G. Luard, C.B., has been appointed to be President of the Royal Naval College at Greenwich, in the place of Admiral Sir George T. P. Hornby, K.C.B.

Five persons were killed by the falling of a bridge over which a train was passing at Fyvie, about thirty miles north of Aberdeen, on Monday evening. Great part of the train fell into the road below. A good many were injured.

Clevedon Court, near Bristol, the seat of Sir A. H. Elton, was very seriously damaged by fire on Monday. Lady Elton had a narrow escape. The library, which was said to be one of the finest in England, was destroyed, save a small portion, and only a small part of the pictures, plate, &c., was saved.

Mr. J. Forbes-Robertson, the artist-actor, who plays Claudio in "Much Ado About Nothing" at the Lyceum Theatre, has been commissioned by Mr. Irving to paint the altar scene in the cathedral where Claudio denounces and repudiates Hero.

The elections for the London School Board have resulted in the Board party holding its own; and the supporters of its policy will, it is estimated, have ordinarily a working majority of five or six. Of the fifty-three members of the new Board thirty-one had seats on its predecessor.

A great demonstration to promote the early closing of shops was held at the Albert Hall on Sunday, under the auspices of the Shop Hours Labour League. Lord Brabazon presided; and among the speakers were Lord Claud Hamilton, the Rev. Canon Shuttleworth, and the Rev. J. W. Horsley. Resolutions in favour of early closing and protesting against keeping shop assistants standing for long periods were carried unanimously.

The portrait of the Earl of Dalkeith was last Saturday, at Dalkeith, presented to the Countess, in recognition of his Lordship's services as the representative of the county in the last Parliament, and his gallant fight at the election of 1880. A resolution congratulating the Duke of Buccleuch on his birthday having been passed, the Marquis of Salisbury bore testimony to the honourable career of the noble Duke, both in his political and in his private capacity. The Duke of Richmond also addressed the meeting. The Duke of Buccleuch and Lady Dalkeith acknowledged the kindness of their friends and neighbours.

The Smithfield Club Cattle Show is appointed to open next Monday. The show will this year be divided into eighty-six classes, the cattle and sheep having thirty-five classes each allotted to them, and the pigs sixteen classes. The aggregate value of the prizes, in money and plate, amounts to close upon £3000. The Queen, the Prince of Wales, and a good number of the aristocracy will be found among the competitors.—Last Saturday the thirty-fourth annual show of the Birmingham Agricultural Exhibition Society began, in Bingley Hall. It is said to be better, both in number and quality, than any which the society has yet held.—The twenty-third exhibition of sporting and other dogs which opened to the public in Curzon Hall, Birmingham, on Monday, reveals no falling off in interest, excellence, or magnitude, from the standard of its predecessors. Numerically, indeed, it is the largest in the society's history.

MURDEROUS ATTACKS IN DUBLIN.

More audacious outrages are reported from Dublin. A detective, named Eastwood, who on Saturday night had been watching a gang of suspicious characters, disliking their movements, got assistance, and kept them in view. The "boys," aware that they were observed, gave a signal which at once brought reinforcements. Then one of them presented a revolver at Constable Cox, who was approaching to arrest him, and shot him dead. Immediately two of the detectives fired at Dowling, and wounded him so severely that it is uncertain if he will recover. A severe struggle ensued. On Monday Devine, Woodward, and Ryan, who were arrested on the same night for taking part in the disturbance during which Cox was killed, were brought before the police magistrate, and, evidence having been given that they all took an active part in the affray, they were remanded. Dowling, who it is alleged fired the shots that killed Cox, and who was himself severely wounded by pistol-shots fired by the police, is lying in a special ward of the hospital to which he was taken, which is guarded by a large force of police. Other arrests have been made. Poole and Grundy were arrested on Tuesday morning in Dublin, and, with the three other men in custody—Devine, Ryan, and Woodward—were brought before the magistrate, in the afternoon, charged with the wilful murder of Detective Cox. Evidence was given showing that, after the struggle, Poole, who was one of the party whom the police were watching, pursued the cab in which Dowling, who shot Cox, was being conveyed to hospital, and behaved so violently that the detective in charge threatened to shoot him. Sergeant Danvers described the part he took in the affray, stating that a desperate struggle between Eastwood and Devine was proceeding when he came upon the scene, and that when he drew his sword there was "a regular volley of shots, like a parting salute." Grundy was discharged, but the four other prisoners were remanded.

Another daring outrage was committed on Monday night. Mr. Denis J. Field, one of the jurymen who convicted Walsh for the Letterfrack murder, was returning to his home, in Frederick-street, when a car upon which were three men drove up beside him. One of the men sprang off the car and stabbed Mr. Field several times with a sword. The assailant, having plunged the sword into him as he lay prostrate on the ground, remounted the car and drove rapidly away. The car was pursued for some distance, but eventually it was lost sight of. Mr. Field lies dangerously ill.

Thomas Mallon was stabbed the same night. He has been employed by the Emergency Committee, and he was serving a process as bailiff in a house in Gardiner-street, on Monday, when three men attacked him with knives. He was stabbed in the back of the head, the wound being very dangerous. Two men, named Birmingham and Brady, have been arrested in connection with this occurrence.

Tuesday's Dublin Gazette contains the Lord Lieutenant's proclamation placing the city of Dublin under the 11th, or Curfew, Clause of the "Prevention of Crime (Ireland) Act," which enables the police to arrest all who may be found abroad one hour after sunset or before sunrise.

Another proclamation offers a reward of £5000 for the apprehension of the men who attacked Mr. Field.

The Dublin Corporation on Monday passed a resolution taking the earliest opportunity of recording, on behalf of the citizens, their horror of the outrage perpetrated in that city on Saturday last, by which Detective-officer Cox was assassinated in the discharge of his duty, and their earnest hope that the guilty may be speedily brought to justice.

NATIONAL SPORTS.

Everyone connected with the turf must experience a feeling of relief that the flat-racing season has at length come to an end. Backers have had a terrible time of it all through the year, and have fared worse than ever at the "back end" meetings, which have generally taken place in such miserable weather that even bookmakers, tired of winning, must have been glad to go into winter quarters. The winding-up week was, as usual, a very busy one; and, in spite of the Manchester course being pretty well reduced to a sea of mud by the constant rain, large fields came to the post for the majority of the events on each of the four days. Addy (9 st.), who has done wonderfully well under high weights this autumn, took the Stamford Nursery Handicap, giving from 23 lb. to 42 lb. to each of her eleven opponents. This performance was really a very smart one, for Little Charlie (7 st. 5 lb.), who was unplaced, has proved himself good enough to win two or three races lately. There were some speedy animals amongst the nine starters for the Lancashire Cup, including Brag (8 st. 5 lb.), Goggles (8 st. 13 lb.), and Sibyl (8 st. 3 lb.). Nothing, however, was so much fancied as Dreamland (7 st. 11 lb.), who was thoroughly at home over seven furlongs, and won with plenty in hand from Yorkist (6 st. 4 lb.) and Brag. As there were only twenty acceptances for the Manchester November Handicap, a field of sixteen was far larger than could reasonably have been expected. The most notable absentee was Wallenstein (9 st. 7 lb.), who, however, had well earned a rest by his gallant efforts at Liverpool and Shrewsbury. Boswell (7 st. 11 lb.) proved an admirable substitute for the top weight, and won in a common canter from Palermo (6 st. 10 lb.) and Vista (6 st. 7 lb.), the latter of whom would certainly not have gained place honours had all the rest persevered. Charles Archer deserves the highest credit for converting a selling plater into the winner of an important handicap; and he has done so well this season with horses intrusted to him that he must be regarded as one of the most rising trainers of the day. Meetings also took place during the week at Warwick and Four Oaks Park, but at neither does the sport, though good enough of its kind, require any special comment.

A steeplechase meeting at Croydon always attracts a large attendance, and the weather was so fine on Tuesday that Londoners had every inducement to make the trip. The "going" was all that could be wished, and, though there was a certain amount of grumbling at the jumps that have been constructed in accordance with the new rules, the only accident of any consequence that took place during the day occurred at one of the old fences. The Grand National Hurdle-Race was the chief attraction, and Lanquet (10 st. 7 lb.), the only novice of the party "over sticks," brought such a flaming character from home that an absurdly short price was accepted about her. She proved so impetuous that even such a powerful horseman as James Adams could not hold her, and, after leading up to the last flight of hurdles, she had run herself out, and left Theophrastus (12 st. 5 lb.) to win easily from Halmi (11 st. 4 lb.) and Psycho (10 st.). Beauchamp II. (12 st. 7 lb.) was the absolute last, and will doubtless see a better day. The most important event on the second day was, of course, the Great Metropolitan Steeplechase, which was carried off by Mr. H. Rymill's Ignition (10 st.), who defeated the favourite, Sugar Plum (10 st. 5 lb.), somewhat easily at the finish by a length and a half. Thornfield (12 st. 2 lb.) walking past the post a bad third. The remainder of the field pulled up.

We are very pleased to be able to record a wonderful improvement in the coursing at Kempton Park. Except in a few instances on the opening day the hares ran as stoutly as could be wished, and many splendid trials took place. The Hampton Court Stakes, for puppies of both sexes, was divided between Hunting Horn, by Great Gable—Hark Hollon, and Trappist, by Teesdale—Elizabeth. The success of Hunting Horn was specially satisfactory, as he belongs to Mr. Hilliard, a prominent supporter of the sport, whose luck up to the present has been very disheartening. Trappist is the property of Charles Wood, the jockey, who also divided a good stake at the recent Newmarket Meeting, and bids fair to be as lucky with his greyhounds as he is in the saddle. Few of the cracks were engaged in the Monksley Stakes for all ages, and eventually Hector, by Balfie—Ruby, won, beating Nancie, by Master Banrigh—Butterfly, in the final spin. The Berkeley Open Meeting was also very successful, and was remarkable for the fact that Witchery, who had never previously been beaten, except by Snowflight in the deciding course of the Waterloo Cup, succumbed to Miami in the first ties of the Berkeley Cup.

Contrary to general expectation, the second prize in the recent billiard tournament at the Blenheim Restaurant fell to W. J. Peall, who beat W. Mitchell in the game that they played to decide their tie. Another tournament, in which the spot-hazard will be barred, will be begun, at the same place, on Monday, Dec. 11. Six of the same eight players will take part in it, the places of Mitchell and Kilkenny being filled by Taylor and Green. A match of 3000 up, even, has been made between Cook and Mitchell, for £500 a side. It will probably be played at St. James's Hall about the end of January.

A SOLDIER HOME FROM THE WAR.

"Tommy Atkins," whose name has of late years somehow become representative of the English private soldier, has come back from Egypt, where he has done his work very well; and the result of that work, at a cost of four millions and a half sterling to the Queen's tax-payers, is that England will be obliged to guarantee the Khedive's enormous debt to European bondholders, and to lend Tewfik Pasha, for a long time to come, the aid of a large British garrison to maintain his rule over his own subjects. It is not Tommy Atkins's business, when he returns to his native village in Hampshire or Lincolnshire, to explain the great advantages of this policy to his admiring countrymen; nor does it appear that her Majesty's Ministers, in or out of Parliament, are in any great hurry to do so. The public mind, in these days, in the provinces as well as in London, is sufficiently entertained with the natural exultation of a recent military triumph achieved in a few weeks, and accompanied by very few mortal "casualties" in the lists of our officers and men; while the behaviour of these, without any known exception, has been so meritorious as to give just satisfaction to us all. Tommy Atkins, as well as his superiors up to the rank of Commander-in-Chief, deserves our hearty commendation; and it is pleasant to see that he is met with a kind welcome, and with popular honours, in some degree, along with tokens of family affection and neighbourly friendship, in the rustic parish of Ditchley, where he was born, christened, put to school, and apprenticed until he chose to enlist for a soldier. The successive incidents which are shown, from a rather humorous point of view, in our page of Sketches, manifest the traditional interest that is still felt, by the peaceable home-staying folk of every civilised and Christian nation, in the performances of their professional combatants abroad. These belong to an institution apparently needful for the redress of international wrongs; but its necessity must ever be deplored. The young soldier, looking out of the window of a railway carriage, as it enters the station, gazes up the village street where his boy-

hood was passed. He alights and walks up towards the house of his parents, and is first greeted by the rapturous caresses of their faithful old dog. He crosses the field, and comes unawares upon "the girl he left behind him," pensively resting upon a grassy bank against the stile; and O, what joy is theirs! He dines with the old couple and their daughter, who is as much delighted as Miss Desdemona of Venice was to hear his stories of the war. In the nearest market-town, with a senior comrade of his regiment, he goes to a photographer to get his likeness taken. He is invited by the Squire to the Manor House, where all the young ladies, with their half-incredulous brother, listen to his romantic tale. At a supper party of the respectable villagers Tommy Atkins is a favoured guest, while pots and glasses are quickly emptied, and pipes are slowly smoked, as they talk over the deeds of the late Egyptian campaign. His health is drunk with three times three rounds of cheering, and he feels himself indeed the hero to the day.

A notice of the winter exhibition of the Society of British Artists, and other articles, are unavoidably deferred.

Mr. Arthur Pryor, of Hylands, on Tuesday laid the foundation-stone of a new Infirmary and Dispensary at Chelmsford.

Last week 2709 births and 1681 deaths were registered in London. The deaths included 2 from smallpox, 64 from measles, 59 from scarlet fever, 16 from diphtheria, 21 from whooping-cough, 2 from typhus, 29 from enteric fever.

In the Probate Court on Tuesday Sir James Hannen ordered letters of administration to issue with respect to the estate of Sir William Augustus Congreve, of whom nothing has been heard since 1860.

Ernest Lodge, of King's-heath, Worcestershire, was on Tuesday remanded at Birmingham on a charge of stealing £400 worth of human hair. It was stated that German girls cultivate their tresses for the market, and fine hair, thirty-three inches in length, realised a sovereign an ounce.

A largely-attended meeting of the Council of the Rochester Diocesan Society was held on Monday, at the office, 26, Great George-street, Westminster, the Bishop of Rochester in the chair. Grants amounting to £5366 for living agents were renewed for 1883, and £1350 was voted for other of the society's objects.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING DEC. 9.

SUNDAY, DEC. 3.	
First Sunday in Advent.	St. Paul's Cathedral, 10.30 a.m.
Morning Lessons: Isaiah i.; I. Peter v. Evening Lessons: Isaiah ii., or iv. 2; John xiii. 1-21.	St. James's, noon, probably Rev. F. Garden, the Sub-Dean.
Westminster Abbey, 10 a.m., Rev. Thomas Peacey, Vicar of Hove.	Whitehall, 11 a.m. and 3 p.m., Rev. F. Paget.
3 p.m., Canon Rowell; 7 p.m., Canon Curteis, Canon of Lichfield.	Savoy, 11.30 a.m., Rev. Henry White; 7 p.m., Rev. F. Hall, Rector of Fryern Barnet.
MONDAY, DEC. 4.	
Opening of New Law Courts by the Queen.	Society of Engineers, 7.30 p.m., Mr. W. Martin on the Strength of Boiler Flues.
Royal Institution, general monthly meeting, 5 p.m.	Society of Arts, first Cantor Lecture, 8 p.m., Professor Silvanus P. Thompson on Dynamo-Electric Machinery.
Royal Academy, 8 p.m., Professor Church on Drying Oils.	Society of Water-Colour Painters, Winter Exhibition opens.
Medical Society, 8.30 p.m.	City of London Fine-Art Gallery opens.
British Architects' Institute, 8 p.m., Mr. R. P. Pullan on the Decoration of St. Paul's Cathedral.	Victoria Institute, 8 p.m.
London Institution, 5 p.m., Mr. J. Ruskin on Cistercian Architecture.	Smithfield Club Cattle Show, Agricultural Hall (five days).
Surveyors' Institution, 8 p.m., paper on the Ordnance Maps.	
TUESDAY, DEC. 5.	
Christian Knowledge Society, 2 p.m.	Pathological Society, 8.30 p.m.
Civil Engineers' Institution, 8 p.m., discussion on American Practice in Heating Buildings by Steam, &c.	Biblical Archaeology Society, 8 p.m., Rev. W. H. Sewell on Houses and Households of Palestine at the Time of Christ.
WEDNESDAY, DEC. 6.	
Transit of Venus.	Geological Society, 8 p.m., papers by Admiral Spratt, Rev. A. Irviaz, and Mr. F. Outen.
Amateur Mechanical Society, conversation, 6 p.m.	Pharmaceutical Society, 8 p.m.
Dialectical Society, 8 p.m., Mr. C. Bradlaugh on the Blasphemous Laws.	Society of Arts, 8 p.m., Mr. W. A. Gibbs on the Artificial Drying of Crops.
British Archaeological Association, 8 p.m.	Entomological Society, 8 p.m.
Obstetrical Society, 8 p.m.	
THURSDAY, DEC. 7.	
Agricultural Society, general meeting, noon.	Mid-Surrey Poultry Show, Kingston-on-Thames (three days).
Royal Society, 4.30 p.m.	London Institution, 7 p.m., Mr. Ernst Pauer on Beethoven's Earlier Sonatas.
Antiquaries' Society, 8.30 p.m.	Chemical Society, 8 p.m., papers by Messrs. F. R. Japp, F. W. Streetfield, W. H. Perkin, H. E. Armstrong, S. W. Pickering, and S. Dyson.
Royal Academy, 8 p.m., Professor Church on Turpentine, &c.	Society of Engineers, 7.30 p.m., Mr. A. Adams on Strains in Ironwork.
Linnean Society, 8 p.m., Mr. J. G. Otto Tepper on Tasmanian Plants; and papers by Mr. G. Brook, Dr. Nylander, Rev. J. M. Crombie, and Mr. W. F. Kirby.	
Archaeological Institute, 4 p.m.	
FRIDAY, DEC. 8.	
Architectural Association, 7.30 p.m.	New Shakspere Society, 8 p.m., probably Mr. F. J. Furnivall on Textual Difficulties in Shakspere's Early Comedies.
Clinical Society, 8.30 p.m.	
Astronomical Society, 8 p.m.	
Quekett Microscopical Club, 8 p.m.	
SATURDAY, DEC. 9.	
Grouse-shooting ends.	Albert Hall Choral Society, 3 p.m., Gounod's "Redemption."
B. Stanic Society, 3.45 p.m.	
Physical Society, 3 p.m.	

THE WEATHER.

RESULTS OF METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS AT THE KEW OBSERVATORY OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY.
Lat. 51° 28' 6" N.; Long. 0° 18' 47" W. Height above Sea, 34 feet.

DAY.	DAILY MEANS OF					THERMOM.		WIND.		General Direction.	Movement in 24 hours, read at 10 a.m. next morning.	Rain in 24 hours, read at 10 a.m. next morning.
	Barometer Corrected.	Temperature of the Air.	Dew Point.	Relative Humidity.	Amount of Cloud.	Maximum, read at 10 p.m.	Minimum, read at 10 a.m.	Force.	Direction.			
November	19	29.455	41.1	34.6	80	5	47.9	37.3	W.		349	0.010
	20	29.355	40.1	35.3	84	8	45.9	35.7	WSW. W.		265	0.030
	21	29.810	39.1	33.8	83	7	43.5	33.7	WSW. WNW.		178	0.115
	22	29.505	50.2	45.4	84	10	53.9	39.8	SSW. WSW.		419	0.000
	23	29.449	52.9	48.8	87	10	55.1	51.3	SW.		436	0.180
	24	29.346	47.8	39.6	75	8	53.5	44.9	WSW.		440	0.010
December	1	29.284	43.0	37.1	81	7	47.9	39.7	WSW.		283	0.025

The following are the readings of the meteorological instruments for the above days, in order, at ten o'clock a.m.:-

Barometer (in inches) corrected	29.520	29.372	29.804	29.544	29.583	29.285	29.299
Temperature of Air	43.5	40.1	37.1	50.7	52.8	49.7	48.9
Temperature of Evaporation	40.0	37.0	35.4	48.9	50.4	40.7	41.2
Direction of Wind	W.	W.	WSW.	WSW.	WSW.	WSW.	WSW.

TIMES OF HIGH WATER AT LONDON BRIDGE FOR THE WEEK ENDING DECEMBER 9.

Sunday.	Monday.	Tuesday.	Wednesday.	Thursday.	Friday.	Saturday.
h m	h m	h m	h m	h m	h m	h m
7 24	7 50	8 20	8 53	9 32	10 10	10 57

A WATERLOO VETERAN IN NEW ZEALAND.

The Canterbury Province, South Island, of New Zealand, was founded by a party of English settlers in December, 1850. Among that party was Lieutenant Dugald Macfarlane, formerly in the 1st battalion of the Old Rifle Corps, the 95th regiment of infantry, with which he served at the battle of Waterloo, on the memorable 18th of June, 1815. The death of this gentleman, at the venerable age of ninety-two, is now recorded by the *Christchurch Press*, one of our colonial contemporaries, with a brief memoir of his life, and a testimony of esteem for his personal character. He was born on June 6, 1790, in Perthshire, Scotland, and in 1811 obtained a commission through the influence of Sir John Anstruther, his mother's relative. At Waterloo, he commanded a company attached to the 3rd Light Brigade, which formed part of the Division under command of Sir H. Clinton, in Sir Frederick Adam's Army Corps, occupying the right centre of the British line, between Hougomont and La Haye Sainte. The troops in this position, formed in squares of battalions, were exposed during six hours to the enemy's round shot, shell, and grape, and repelled a dozen charges of the French Cuirassiers and Lancers. At half-past seven in the afternoon they were ordered to form a line in crescent, the flank battalions, well advanced, being two deep, and the 52nd Regiment, in the centre, four deep; their whole strength was by this time reduced to about 2400 men, occupying a frontage of 300 yards. In this condition, they were charged by Marshal Ney, with seven battalions of the Old Imperial Guard, who had been reserved till then to break through the British centre to the rear of our line. Ney's troops fought in close columns, three deep, the companies being in rear of their Grenadiers, with a frontage of only thirty men, and with wide intervals between the phalanxes. The veteran Captain Macfarlane, in a letter some years ago published in the *Army and Navy Gazette*, narrated what was then done. "They charged," he says, "drums beating, and cheering *Vive l'Empereur!* But when within 150 yards, we were ordered to commence a steady fire by volleys of companies; and, after seven or eight rounds of those well-directed volleys, the whole of the enemy were in utter confusion. Ney's horse was shot under him; he lost his cap; and, on foot, sword in hand, he endeavoured to rally his men. This was impossible; they were treading each other down. We were ordered by Sir Frederick Adam to charge with the bayonet; and in a moment about three thousand of the enemy threw down their arms, and rushed in the greatest confusion to the rear. At this moment we were over a hundred yards in front of the British line, pursuing this routed multitude, with Napoleon's favourite Marshal in our midst, and perfect masters of everything in our front." He goes on to relate the subsequent movements of other portions of the British force, by which the French were completely defeated and driven beyond La Belle Alliance, where the Prussians took up the pursuit. After the victory of Waterloo, Lieutenant Macfarlane took part in the occupation of Paris by the Allied Armies, but soon retired on half-pay, and resided at home until the time when he emigrated to New Zealand.

FAIL OF A BRIDGE AT BROMLEY.

On the main line of the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway, a short distance beyond the Bromley station, about ten miles from London, passengers may have observed a rather picturesque bridge, partly overgrown with ivy, across the line of railway. It belonged to the grounds of Rochester Park, a demesne formerly attached to the ancient palace of the Bishops of Rochester, whose residence was many years since removed from that neighbourhood. On Thursday last week this bridge, which did not serve for public traffic, but was used merely for communication between the lands of private owners adjacent to the line, was noticed to be in an unsound condition, the north pier of the central arch cracking and sinking. The bridge consisted, as shown in our Illustration, of three brick archways, the larger one in the middle, spanning the whole width of the railway, and two smaller arches, north and south, abutting on the sloping banks of the deep railway cutting. The resident engineer of the Railway Company inspected the bridge that same afternoon, and ordered it to be constantly watched. After half-past eight in the evening, when the Calais mail-train had passed, all the railway traffic was stopped, and a large number of men were set to work for the safe removal of the ruinous structure. The central arch was got down at midnight, leaving only the piers and two side arches to be removed, but the work was carried on to Friday morning, by clearing away the rubbish and preparing the lines of rail for a renewal of the traffic. The removal of the side arches was then continued. At seven o'clock the men suspended work to breakfast. Unhappily, notwithstanding the warning to the men to keep from under the bridge, a number of men congregated there for breakfast, and one of the piers gave way, letting down what remained of the southern side arch, killing six of the unfortunate men, and seriously injuring a seventh. The circumstances have been reported to the Board of Trade, and an official inquiry has been instituted. Our Illustration is from one of the Instantaneous Photographs, taken by Mr. C. V. Shadbolt, showing the Continental Express Train passing at full speed.

TATTOOING IN JAPAN.

An officer of the Royal Navy serving on board H.M.S. Inconstant, one of the ships of the Flying Squadron which escorted the two sons of the Prince of Wales round the world, lately favoured us with Sketches and a narrative of that extensive cruise. It may be recollected that he incidentally made mention of the fact that some of the young men on board had chosen to undergo the operation of tattooing when they were in the ports of Japan. The Sketch that we now present shows the manner in which this rather painful, curious, and unnecessary process is performed by a professional skin-marker, whose shop is adorned with mighty pictures of flying dragons, fish, and eagles, and with a female portrait, delineated in bright colours on the sliding paper screens of the wall. Two ladies of the establishment are in attendance, preparing the pigment which is to be rubbed into the incised lines upon our friend's arm, to make him "beautiful for ever," while he obtains solace from a short pipe charged with bird's-eye, and the other young woman, with a banjo or guitar, does her best to alleviate his torment by the strains of Japanese music, such as it is.

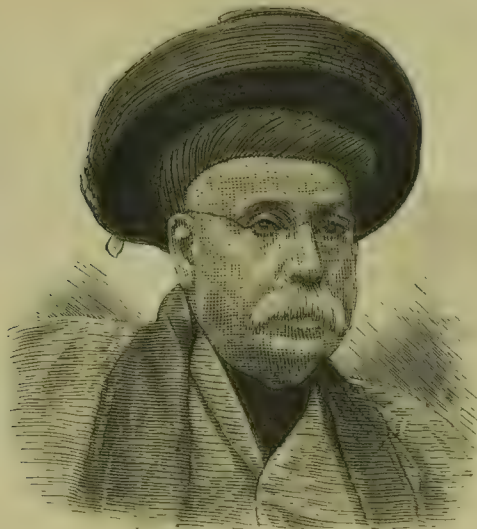
The members of the London Literary and Artistic Union, which was established six months ago in order to provide a centre where men of letters and science, musicians and artists, as well as amateurs having literary, scientific, musical, or artistic tastes, can meet for social and instructive intercourse, gave their sixth conversazione and concert on Tuesday evening in St. James's Hall.



HOME FROM THE WAR: TOMMY ATKINS REVISITS HIS NATIVE VILLAGE.



THE LATE MR. J. M. HERBERT,
COUNTY COURT JUDGE, SOUTH WALES.



THE LATE RAO BAHADUR DADOBA PANDURANG,
FELLOW OF THE UNIVERSITY OF BOMBAY.



THE LATE CAPTAIN DUGALD MACFARLANE,
OF NEW ZEALAND, A WATERLOO VETERAN.

THE LATE RAO DADOBA PANDURANG.

This accomplished Hindoo gentleman and eminent scholar, who had held several official appointments in the Bombay Presidency, died about a month ago, at his residence, in Girgaum, at the age of sixty-eight. The Bombay papers have given full accounts of his literary labours, especially as author of the standard Marathi (or Maliratta) grammar, and of Persian and Sanscrit grammars; also his services as Superintendent of Government Schools, as well as Huzur Deputy Collector and Magistrate at Ahmednuggur, when he quelled a Bheel insurrection, connected with the Sepoy War, at the imminent risk of his life. He was conversant with English literature, history, and philosophy, and studied the doctrines of Swedenborg; upon these he wrote a treatise which the Swedenborgian Church in London has got translated into English and published here. Among the religious reformers of Hindooism, he is noted as founder of the theological school or society, originally named the Paramhansa Sabha, but now called the Prarthana Somaj. He often acted as Examiner of Sanscrit and Marathi studies at the University of Bombay.



THE IVY BRIDGE, NEAR BROMLEY, SCENE OF THE RECENT ACCIDENT.

THE LATE MR. J. M. HERBERT.

The death of Mr. John Maurice Herbert, County Court Judge of Cardiff and the Monmouth Circuit, which includes, with the towns of those names, Newport, Chepstow, Crickhowell, Abergaveenny, Pontypool, Ross, Tredegar, and Usk, has called forth in the South Wales papers very full testimonies of regard for his public and private character. He was in the seventy-fourth year of his age; son of Mr. J. L. Herbert, of New Hall, Montgomeryshire, educated at the Cathedral School, Hereford, and at St. John's College, Cambridge; was called to the Bar in Lincoln's Inn, in 1835, and for some time acted as an Assistant Tithe Commissioner; in 1847 he was appointed to the County Court Judgeship. His legal knowledge, and his judicial ability, diligence, and impartiality, were highly esteemed by the Cardiff solicitors, who in 1872 presented an address to the Judge, upon his attaining the twenty-fifth year of office in that Court, and gave ample expression to their regard and confidence, especially noticing his merits in dealing with important commercial cases, and those belonging to the Admiralty jurisdiction. Mr. Herbert was also an active county magistrate of Herefordshire and



TATTOOING AT NAGASAKI, JAPAN.

three other counties. He resided at Rocklands, near Ross, on the Wye. He was twice married, the widow now surviving him being a daughter of the Rev. Canon Philpotts, of Truro, and grand-niece of the late Bishop of Exeter; but he has left no children.

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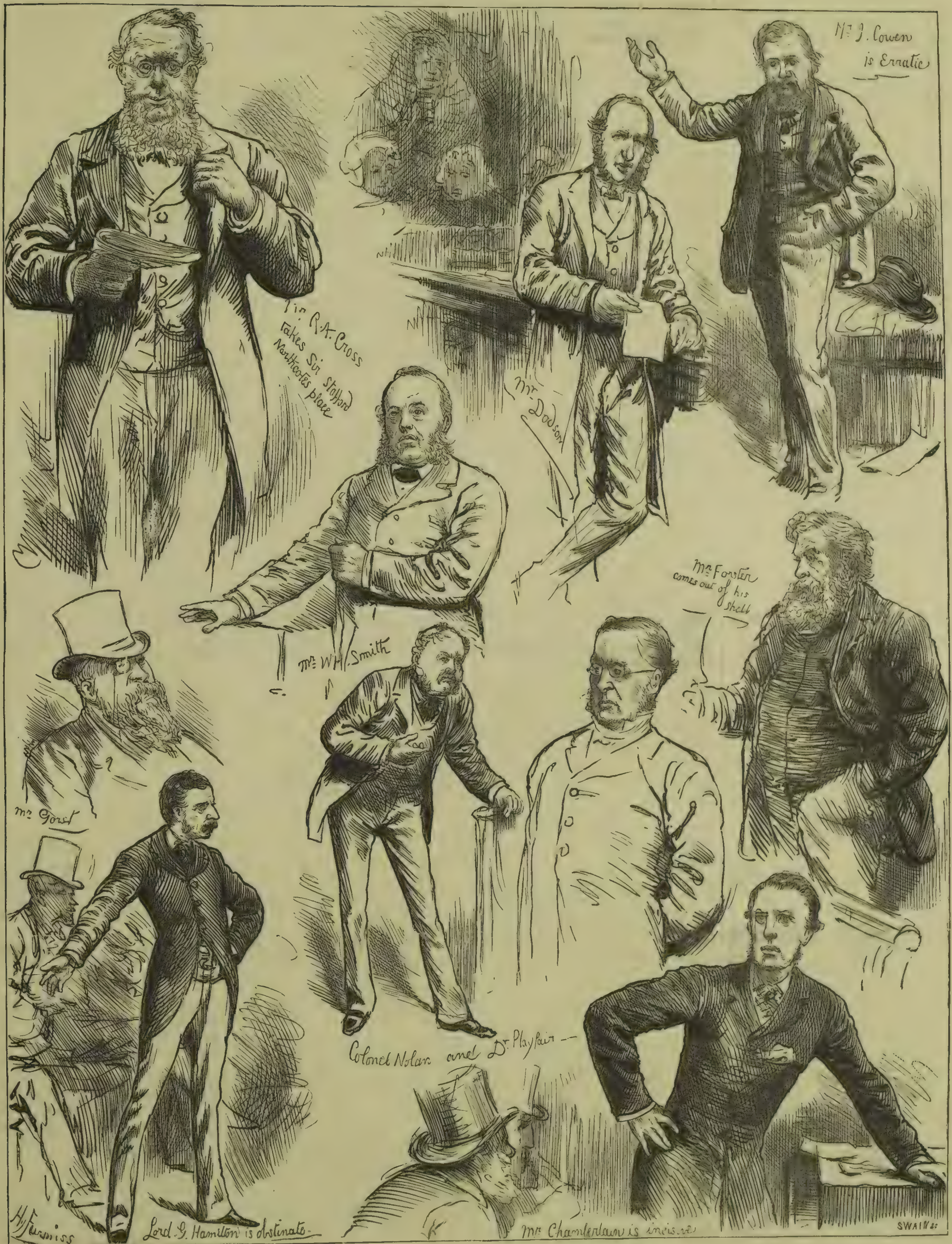
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Italy, Greece, and Danube, by Kraissinet and Co.'s steamers.
Prospectus and tariff of Smith, Sundius and Co., Gracechurch-
street; or Fraissinet and Co., 6, Place de la Bourse, Marseilles.

MARSEILLES.—Grand Hôtel Louvre and
Pala. Largest in Marseilles. Universal reputation for
modern comfort. Moderate charges. Lift, table d'hôte, billiards,
baths, omnibus.—PAUL NEUSCHWANDER and Co., Proprietors.

MENTON.—Hôtel Splendide, South Aspect.
MENTON.—Near St. John's Church and Sea Beach.
MENTON.—Pension from St. Prospector free.
MENTON.—Hôtel Splendide. G. HORNBAKER, Propr.

MONACO.—The SUMMER BATHING
SEASON IS NOW OPEN.
The Sea Baths of Monaco are completely protected from the
north winds, and the most healthful and enjoyable on the
Mediterranean Coast.

The Grand Hotel des Bains, upon the seashore, contains most
comfortable and luxurious apartments for families at moderate
prices.
Hot and Cold Salt and Fresh Water Baths, and Hydropathic
Establishment. Tropical vegetation abounds, yet the tem-
perature is always toned by the cool sea breezes.

MONACO is situated about 35 minutes from Nice, and
20 minutes from Mentone, and via with either town for its
sanitary arrangements and its healthy climate.

NICE, CANNES, MENTON, MONTE-
CARLO, OSPEDALETTE, and SAN REMO.
To Visitors to the Riviera.

For SALE, in the above winter resorts, most beautiful
furniture, suitable for Villas, full south, facing the sea, and well
sheltered from wind. Prices, from 100 to 5000 francs. Full
particulars on application to the Société Foncière Lyonnaise,
23, Rue de Grammont, Paris; or to its Agencies in Nice, Cannes,
and San Remo.

NICE.—Vitali's Hôtel Cimiez. Branch house
of the Hôtel de France. Most charming position, in the
healthiest quarter of Nice. Constant correspondence by omnibus
between the two hotels. BERTHELMAN, Manager.

OUCHY, Lausanne.—Hôtel Beau Rivage.
First-class extra. Grand view of Lake and Alps. Soirees
dansantes. Concerts. Satisfactory arrangements. Winter pen-
sion. Apply for Tarif to MARTIN RUFENACHT, Directeur.

PARIS.—Hôtel Maurice, Rue de Rivoli,
opposite the Tuileries Gardens, full south. High-class
Family Hotel. Excellent cooking, superior wines. Safety
lift on each floor. H. SHENRICH, Proprietor.

PARIS.—Hôtel de L'Athénée, 15, Rue
Scribe, opposite the Grand Opera-House. Newly arranged
for every comfort. Patronised by the nobility and gentry.
Family arrangements for the winter.—F. VAUTIER, Directeur.

PARIS.—The Tuileries Garden Family
Hotel. Celebrated for its superior position. South aspect,
tranquillity, comfort, excellent cuisine and caves. Reasonable
charges. American Ascenseur costing £1500.—E. ZIEGLER, Propr.

PARIS.—Thames Hotel, 4, Rue d'Alger,
nearly opposite the Tuileries. Comfortable, quiet, and in-
expensive family hotel. Good cooking and wines. Experienced
proprietor. Tariff on application post-free.—G. JOUWER, Propr.

WHERE Do You Pass Next Winter? Try
the ENGADINER KULM, St. Moritz, Engadine, Switzer-
land. 6180 deg. alt. Curative air. No epidemics. Health restored.
Pamphlet of Mr. BADRUTT, Proprietor. Arrangements made.

NEW LINE.—Bordeaux to New York.—No
danger from icebergs, tempests, or collisions by this south
route. Magnificent steamers, upwards 4000 tons. Compagnie
Bordelaise. Particulars of Mr. BORDES, Manager, Bordeaux.

MR. STREETER,
DIAMOND, PEARL, and GEM MERCHANT,
BOND-STREET, W. LONDON; CEYLON, JAPAN.

MR. STREETER receives by Mail from all
parts of the World consignments of Diamonds, Pearls,
and Precious Stones; and is, therefore, able to offer them to
Purchasers at exceptional prices.

DIAMONDS.

SAPPHIRES.

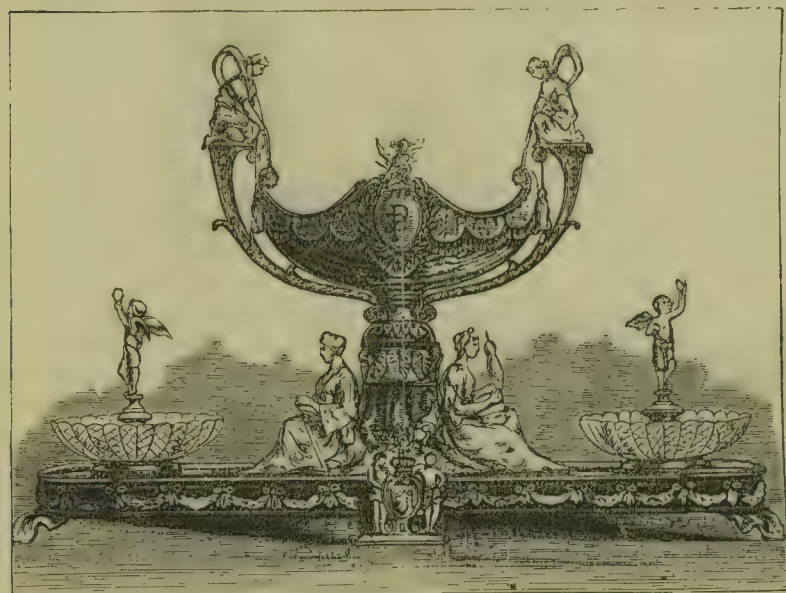
EMERALDS.

PRECIOUS STONES of all descriptions, both
Rough and Cut. See "PRECIOUS STONES and GEMS."
Cloth, 15s. BELL and SONS, London; and of Mr. STREETER,
Diamond and Gem Merchant, London, Ceylon, Japan.

ILLUSTRATED BOOKS.

The imaginative tales with a religious purpose, by the late Rev. William Adams, Fellow of Merton College, of which the most successful were "The Old Man's Home" and "The Shadow of the Cross," merit a continued hold upon the esteem of those who deem the reading of "Sacred Allegories" calculated to be permanently beneficial to the minds of young Christians. A volume finely printed, and adorned with a great number of engravings by Mr. James D. Cooper, from designs by Messrs. Skill, Sulman, Quinton, Gordon Browne, W. Rainey, and other artists, is published by Messrs. Rivingtons, of Waterloo-place. It contains, besides the two well-known stories above named, those of the "Distant Hills," and "The King's Messengers," with a biographical memoir of the author, who died in 1848; followed by some touching verses, "In Memoriam," referring to his brief earthly career and the graces of his personal character.

To many of our lady readers, we cannot doubt, the subject of an historical treatise by Augustin Challamel, the English translation of which is now published, will appear one of greater practical importance than any political or military history. We will allow that it is much pleasanter to read about *The History of Fashion in France* (one volume, Messrs. Sampson Low and Co.) than about French wars and French Revolutions. The joint translators, Mrs. Cashel Hoey and Mr. John Lillie, have put this French book into our own language with due fidelity and agreeable effect. It is a comprehensive, systematic, and detailed account of the progress and vicissitudes of the art of female dress in that country, from the times of Roman Gaul, through the ancient Merovingian and Carolingian periods, and the rest of the Middle Ages, through the reigns of the Valois and the Bourbons, the Revolution, the Directory, the Consulate and Empire of Napoleon I., the Restoration, the days of Louis Philippe, the Second Empire, under Napoleon III. and the Empress Eugénie, and the present Republican system. While France and the French nation had many other concerns to attend to



SILVER CRADLE PRESENTED TO THE MAYORESS OF BELFAST.

during the past nineteen centuries, they seem never to have neglected the exercise of an inexhaustible ingenuity in the invention of new varieties of attire for the variable sex. As King Francis I., who knew a good deal about women, once wrote with a diamond on a pane of glass—if not he, some other French Prince or nobleman—"Souvent femme varie;" and here is the history, to be sure, of one great department of her variations, "made for variation's sake." It might be suggested that the political, the philosophical, the literary and artistic history of France, on the whole, exhibit the operation of a similar national tendency; which would imply the corollary either that Frenchwomen are most essentially French, or that the feminine type is predominant in the French character, seeing that restless mutability is peculiar both to the sex and to the nation. But few of our lady readers will be disposed to find fault with this entertaining book upon that account, and we do not fear to commend it to their perusal. The coloured plates with which it is abundantly illustrated look very bright and pretty, resembling those presented in the attractive monthly magazines of feminine fashions; and the volume is elegantly bound in thin boards of ornamental wood, decorated with a mirror and a peacock feather.

Dr. Christopher Dresser, a professional and scientific authority upon subjects connected with architectural construction and decoration, travelled in 1877 to the Far East. His report upon *Japan: its Architecture, Art, and Art Manufactures* (Longmans, Green, and Co.) makes up, with the personal narrative of journeys and visits to the chief cities of that country, a volume of fresh and profitable knowledge, communicated in an agreeable manner. We have already received, from Sir E. J. Reed and many other travellers and writers, full accounts of the social institutions, the customs, laws, and manners, of the Japanese nation, and of the sudden revolutionary changes which these departments of Japanese life have undergone, within the last fifteen or twenty years, from the subversion of the Tycoon's Government, and the adoption of European notions and fashions. Japanese architecture, and more especially its methods and styles of ornamentation, still remained to be examined and correctly described by a competent student and critic of Asiatic art. The author employed himself, during a sojourn of four months, in the minute inspection of every notable example at Yedo, or Tokio, as that city is now called; at the cities of Kobe, Kioto, and Osaka; at Sakai, a seat of the carpet manufacture; at Nagoya, with its manufactures of bronze, lacquer, and porcelain; at the famous shrines of Nikko, and other chief repositories of the products of native tasteful industry. Half the volume is occupied with his travelling observations; the second part consists of special treatises upon the religion and architecture and the symbolic art of Japan; the lacquer-ware, the pottery, and the metal manufactures, with some of the minor industries of this kind; and "the means by which fabrics receive pattern," from which, it is very likely, some of our English manufacturers could obtain some useful hints. The author collected a thousand photographs, and brought home some drawings and other materials, which furnish illustrations to this volume, but not printed in colours.

Mr. Edmund Ollier, the author of Cassell's "History of the United States" and of several extended narratives of great transactions in contemporary history, begins a new historical work of the most comprehensive scope, the first volume of which is now published by the same enterprising firm. It is *Cassell's Illustrated Universal History*, to be comprised in four volumes; the first being devoted to "Early and Greek History;" the second to that of the Roman Empire; the third, probably, to that of the European nations till the age of the Reformation; and the last volume to bring the main currents of modern history down to a comparatively recent period. This is a literary task of some dignity and originality, which demands of the writer, not so much any very minute archaeological research into particular events of antiquity, as a just appreciation of the value of standard authors upon each branch of the subject, and the faculty of combining summary accounts of their matured testimony with broad general views of the collective progress of human civilisation. These special qualifications are possessed by Mr. Edmund Ollier in a very high degree; and he adds to them, as the readers of his various former writings are well aware, the graces of a charming style, the glow of animated feeling upon subjects of moral interest, and an air of contemplative benevolence that wins our esteem for his judgments. We cannot, upon the whole, award equal commendation to the selection and execution of all the numerous illustrations with which this first volume has been furnished: though some of them, presenting views of places in their existing aspect, with the ruins of ancient structures, or copied from photographs of architecture and sculpture, or figures of costumes, weapons, and utensils, are decidedly instructive. Those views, also, which are designed to exhibit what are supposed to be approximate restorations of the ancient cities and buildings, though only hypothetical, may have their use in a work of descriptive history; but we could readily spare a few of the wholly imaginary pictures of heroic actions, battles, murders, escapes, and interviews of historic personages, which only a high degree of artistic idealism could render effective. Still, Messrs. Cassell, Petter, and Galpin fully merit the renewed thanks of all who desire to see the substantial results of modern scholarship and historical investigation cast into a form both convenient for popular reading, at a moderate price, and made very attractive by the swift continuity of the narrative and by the lightness and brevity of exposition in commenting upon it. The contents of this volume relate to the Exodus of the Israelites from Egypt, which serves for a dramatic introduction; the early Chaldean and Assyrian monarchies; those of Babylon, of the Hittites, and of the later Egyptian dynasties; the Jewish theocracy of the Kingdoms of Israel and Judah; the Median, Lydian, and Persian sovereignties; the entire course of independent Greek nationality, in its pre-historic, semi-fabulous, heroic, or Homeric phases, in the commonwealths of Athens and Sparta, and of other cities or colonies of the Greeks; their conflicts also with Persia, subsequently with one another, and finally their subjugation by Philip of Macedon; after which Mr. Ollier relates the conquests of Alexander in Asia and in Egypt, and the fate of the kingdoms thus formed, when they came under the Roman dominion. The author has so far performed his task with remarkable skill and success, and we doubt not that he will do equally well in the succeeding volumes of this work.

The fifth yearly volume of *Cassell's Magazine of Art* (Cassell, Petter, and Galpin) contains a good store of thoughtful, sober, and learned writings upon the works of painters, sculptors, and other artists, both English and foreign, the old "masters" and the moderns, with forty or more page engravings, a frontispiece etching, and a multitude of woodcuts incidentally placed amidst the text. Few or none of the articles seem to be of merely ephemeral interest, and the whole volume is worthy of perusal, at any time, by lovers of fine-art who wish to keep themselves well-informed concerning the progress of design and taste in our own time. It is printed and got up in a superior style, fit for any drawing-room table.

A SILVER CRADLE.

Lady Cowan, wife of Sir Edward Porter Cowan, Mayor of Belfast, has been presented by the members of the Corporation with a Silver Cradle, upon the birth of a son during Sir Edward's second year of Mayoralty. The cradle was designed and manufactured by the Goldsmiths' and Silversmiths' Company, of Regent-street, London. Its form, as shown in our Engraving, is that of an antique canoe, upheld, fast enough, by a stem in the shape of a bell, which is perhaps intended to signify "Belfast." The silver platen beneath, thirty-six inches long, bears two seated figures, Commerce and Industry, supporting the Bell. At the ends are fruit dishes, with a figure standing in the centre of each. The arms of Belfast, and those of the Mayor, are engraved on this handsome piece of plate.

CHELSEA VETERANS AND THE SOLDIERS FROM EGYPT.

The inmates of the Royal Military Hospital at Chelsea may be imagined to have taken a peculiar interest, as they seem by our Artist's Sketches to have shown, in the grand parade of the troops come home from Egypt, on Saturday, the 18th inst., when they marched from the Horse Guards to Hyde Park-corner after being inspected and reviewed by the Queen. It was, in all likelihood, a day of unwonted excitement in that usually silent and quiet retreat of a small remnant of the superannuated British soldiery of the olden time. In one of the long corridors, where a row of neat little cabins may afford snug lodgings, each man occupying his own sleeping-closet, to thirty or forty of the same ward, an old regimental bandsman is seen with the familiar life at his lips, to the delight of two comrades, shrilling forth the spirit-stirring strain, so often sung at patriotic feasts to those humorous words of the merry, martial ballad:—

Some talk of Alexander, and some of Hercules,
Of Hector and Samson, and such brave names as these;
But of all the gallant heroes that ever I came near
There's nothing like the Tow-row-row of the British Grenadier!

Leaving the Military Hospital, with a smile of amused sympathy for the honest mirth of these simple veterans, one may pass along the Embankment; and there it is possible that a venerable Chelsea Pensioner, nearer to ninety than eighty years of age, who was at the battle of Waterloo, a stripling in

his teens, on the famous June 15, 1815, may still be met walking arm-in-arm with a young Life-Guardsman fresh from Tel-el-Kebir. There is much historical and human interest, to the thoughtful observer, in this association of public and personal experiences so far removed in time by the lapse of seventy-seven years. But only the ignorant and thoughtless will pretend to compare the deeds of the one day with those of the other. Though neither the skill of the commander nor the behaviour of the troops in the late Egyptian campaign has been at all over-praised, it cannot be said that they had any hard fighting to do, estimated by the examples of the Peninsular War and Waterloo, or by that of Inkerman within our own recollection. We would refer to the brief notice, in another page of this week's publication, of the actual reminiscences of a Waterloo officer, Lieutenant Dugald Macfarlane, who died the other day in New Zealand. It is well known, indeed, that in that fierce and obstinate battle, prolonged from morning to nightfall of a summer Sunday on the Belgian fields, some of our regiments withstood, during six or seven hours, an incessant cannonade, and repulsed ten or twelve successive charges of the best troops Napoleon could send against them, finishing with the attack led by Ney, at the head of the French Imperial Guard, which they encountered and bailed at the close of day. There is no reason to doubt that all the British troops which were present at the capture of Arabi Pasha's intrenchments on Sept. 13 would have borne the conflict with quite as much fortitude as their predecessors, if they had been called upon for an equal effort of courage and of patience. But, as a matter of fact, what they had to do was merely to rush in upon a frightened mob of undrilled Egyptian peasants, who had, in six weeks, been hastily brought together and had rifles put into their hands, and who were utterly incapable of taking an effective formation to resist the sudden attack. The proof of this, if it could ever be disputed, is found in the comparatively small number of killed and wounded on the British side; officers and men, under sixty killed, three hundred and forty-two wounded, out of a force exceeding 13,000 men. A battle in our French wars, under Wellington, would sometimes cost the loss of a fourth of the army in killed and wounded; a very horrible feature of our old military history, but a certain measure of the work our old soldiers had to do.

AMERICAN SHIP-BUILDING NOVELTIES.

Several Illustrations, in another page, show the curious inventions which have recently made their appearance on the Hudson River and in New York Harbour. The most conspicuous is the mastless steam-ship *Meteor*, designed by Captain A. Perry Bliven, of New York, and constructed by Mr. James E. Smith, at Nyack, on the Hudson. This small vessel, built of wood, having a capacity of 533 tons, is only the precursor of a line of large steel-built ships, on the same model, for the Atlantic traffic between New York and Queens-town. She belongs to the National Construction Company, who are establishing a ship-yard at Bay Ridge, Long Island. The *Meteor* is propelled by a bronze screw 10 ft. in diameter, 11 ft. pitch, calculated to make 350 revolutions a minute. She is built wider at deck than at the water-line, which will make her steadier at sea; as soon as she begins to roll, her beam increases and checks the motion. She has no masts or rigging; the deck is almost clear, the only thing noticeable being the dome-shaped pilot-house just forward of the smoke-stacks. The boiler is of enormous power, far larger than in any other vessel of her size. It is of steel, with 7850 ft. of tubing; and the engines of the *Meteor*, it is said, will work under 500 lb. of steam, ordinary vessels running under sixty to ninety pounds pressure. This tremendous power will be developed through double compound engines, the high-pressure cylinders being inside the low-pressure cylinders. The smaller ones are made of phosphor-bronze. The low-pressure cylinders are 20 in. by 24 in., and the high-pressure 10 in. by 24 in. The steam is given to all four cylinders by a rotary valve; it enters the high-pressure cylinders at 500 lb., exhausts into a receiver, and is taken thence into the low-pressure cylinder at 250 lb. pressure. Thus the *Meteor* has a calculated horse-power of 1600, where vessels of her size generally have from 180 to 200 horse-power. She is expected to make at least twenty-one miles an hour, and the big steamers of this class are intended to have a speed of twenty-eight or thirty miles an hour, if the projectors are right in what they say.

Mr. Robert Fryer's buoyant propeller, the *Alice*, is only a small model, at Hastings, on the Hudson; but this also is designed as an example for big "water-cars" to cross the ocean in five or six days. The model consists of a triangular frame-work resting on three wheels, which are in the same relation to each other as the wheels of a tricycle. These wheels are spheroidal in shape, about 6 ft. in diameter, and are housed above with dome-shaped covers. Each sphere is a propeller, having flanges or buckets at the sides at right angles to the vertical diameter, and acting upon the water like a paddle-wheel. These spheroids are driven by steam. At the same time they serve as floats, and are submerged about one-sixth of their capacity. Another odd feature of this vessel is that the propellers have an iron tire or keel, by means of which they may be made to serve as wheels, and carry the vessel along a track on dry land, like a great waggon. An engine rests on the frame-work between the two propellers that are opposite each other. The frame-work forming the deck is supported on the axes of the wheels, so that it is several feet above the surface of the water.

The inventor, Mr. Fryer, proposes a huge hollow semi-cylinder for the superstructure, containing saloons and state-rooms, with masts and rigging above for carrying sails. It cannot be overturned in the roughest sea, on account of its triangular shape. The ship proper would stand thirty feet above the water, and out of reach of the waves.

Another invention is the catamaran steam-tug built by J. O. Brown at Tarrytown. Its inventor, Captain J. Rosse, claims the reward for a steam-boat that can run in canals without injuring the banks. The boat is built of two very narrow hulls, 53 ft. in length, with the machinery and weight balanced on them. She lies low, so as to pass under the canal bridges. A huge belt, which runs fore and aft over two drums at right angles with and between the two hulls, has buckets and paddles fixed across its outer surface. The power is applied to the drums, and the belt is moved around from forward to aft, taking the water easily, and leaving it without making a commotion. The steam-tug has so far made satisfactory speed.

Dr. J. Burdon Sanderson, of University College, Oxford, has been elected to the Waynflete Professorship of Physiology. This is the first election under the New Statutes sanctioned by the University of Oxford Commissioners.

Mr. Henry Richard, M.P., has issued a circular to the Secretaries of Literary and Debating Societies, offering them a gratuitous supply of papers on International Arbitration, &c., on application to him at the Peace Society, 47, New Broad-street, London, E.C.



AFTER THE REVIEW: ONE OF THE OLD BANDSMEN AT CHELSEA HOSPITAL PLAYING "THE BRITISH GRENADIER."



AFTER THE REVIEW: WATERLOO AND TEL-EL-KEBIR—A SKETCH ON THE CHELSEA EMBANKMENT.

OBITUARY.

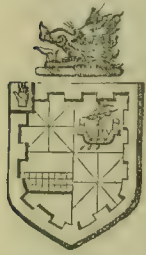
LORD BERWICK.

The Right Hon. William, sixth Baron Berwick, of Attingham, county Salop, J.P., D.L., Colonel in the Army, died on the 23rd ult., at his seat near Shrewsbury. His Lordship was born in 1802, the second son of Richard, fourth Lord Berwick, by Frances, his wife, daughter of Mr. William Mostyn Owen, M.P. for Montgomeryshire, and succeeded his brother, the fifth Lord, in 1861. He was educated at Rugby, entered the 3rd Buffs in 1817, and served with distinction in the Burmese War. Lord Berwick was never married, and the title thus devolves on his nephew, Henry Richard, now seventh Lord Berwick, born in 1847.



SIR EDWARD F. CAMPBELL, BART.

Colonel Sir Edward FitzGerald Campbell, second Baronet, late 60th Foot, A.D.C. to Sir Charles Napier when Commander-in-Chief in India, died on the 23rd ult., at West Grinstead Lodge, Sussex. He was born in 1822, the eldest son of Major-General Sir Guy Campbell, Bart., by Pamela, his wife, eldest daughter of Lord Edward FitzGerald, and early entered the Army. He was distinguished in India, in the Punjab Campaign, the expedition against the Affreeds, and at the capture of Delhi. He married, 1853, Georgiana Charlotte Theophila, daughter of Sir Theophilus Metcalfe, Bart., and by her (who died in 1872) leaves a large family. The eldest son, now Sir Guy Theophilus Campbell, third Baronet, in the 60th Rifles, was born in 1854.



RIGHT HON. SIR WILLIAM HUTT.

The Right Hon. Sir William Hutt, P.C., K.C.B., J.P. and D.L., county Durham, died on the 24th ult., at Appleby Towers, Ryde, Isle of Wight, in his eightieth year. He was son of Mr. Richards Hutt, of that place, and received his education at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he graduated M.A. in 1831. He sat in Parliament for Hull from 1832 to 1841, and for Gateshead from 1841 to 1874, in the Liberal interest, and from 1860 to 1865 was Vice-President of the Board of Trade and Paymaster-General. Sir William was Commissioner for the foundation of South Australia. In 1860 he was sworn of the Privy Council, and in 1865, after the treaty of Vienna, nominated a K.C.B. He married, first, in 1831, Mary, daughter of Mr. John Milner, and widow of John, tenth Earl of Strathmore, which lady died in 1860; and secondly, in 1861, Fanny Anna Jane, daughter of the Hon. Sir Francis Stanhope, K.C.H., and widow of Colonel James Hughes, C.B.

MR. VYNER, OF GAUTBY.

Mr. Henry Frederick Clare Vyner, of Gautby, in the county of Lincoln, J.P., died on the 11th ult., at Cockley Cley, Swaffham, aged forty-six. He was eldest son of the late Mr. Henry Vyner, of Newby Hall, Yorkshire, J.P. and D.L., by the Lady Mary Gertrude, his wife, daughter of Thomas Philip, Earl de Grey, K.G., was educated at Eton, and in 1872 succeeded his uncle, Mr. Robert Vyner, of Gautby. His youngest brother, Frederick Grantham, was murdered by Greek brigands in 1870, and his next brother, Reginald Arthur, M.P. for Ripon, died the same year. The only surviving brother is Robert Charles Vyner, now of Gautby. Of the sisters, the elder is Marchioness of Ripon and the younger, the wife of the third Marquis of Northampton, died in 1861. Mr. Vyner, whose death we record, is set down among "the Great Landowners of Great Britain" as possessed of 26,774 acres, and of a rental of £35,608. He was well-known on the turf. Camallo, one of his horses, won the Two Thousand Guineas Stakes. The family of Vyner is of considerable antiquity, and in former times enjoyed a baronetcy.

We have also to record the deaths of—

The Dowager Lady Grey Egerton, at the family residence in Albemarle-street, on the 26th ult.

Mr. John Bramwell, Recorder of Durham, and the oldest Recorder in England, in his eighty-ninth year.

Lady Laura Meyrick, sister of the Duke of Cleveland, aged eighty-two.

Mr. Joseph Walker Pease, of Hesslewood, Yorkshire, M.P. for Hull, in the Conservative interest, in 1873, on the 22nd ult.

Mr. George Gulliver, F.R.S., formerly Hunterian Professor to the Royal College of Surgeons, and many years surgeon to the Royal Horse Guards, recently, at Canterbury.

Sir William Henry Walton, Knt., M.A., formerly Queen's Remembrancer, and Senior Master of the Court of Exchequer, died on the 23rd ult., aged eighty-three.

The Hon. Frederick Dudley Ryder, M.A., on the 19th ult., the same day as his brother, the Earl of Harrowby, in his seventy-seventh year.

Sir Ludlow Cotter, Knt., on the 23rd ult. He was eldest son of the present Sir James Laurence Cotter, Bart., and received knighthood, as such, in 1875.

Mr. Roger Kerrison Harvey, of Thorpe, near Norwich, J.P. and D.L. for Norfolk, on the 13th ult., at his residence, 62, Pulteney-street, Bath, aged eighty-one.

Colonel George Richard Westmacott, Bengal Staff Corps, Commandant 2nd Cavalry Hyderabad Contingent, in India. He served with the Central Field Force under Sir Hugh Rose.

Mr. Edward Owen Hornby, of The Hook, Fareham, Hants, and 54, Portland-place, on the 10th ult., aged seventy-one. He was M.A. St. John's College, Cambridge, and of the Inner Temple, barrister-at-law.

Lady Stratford de Redcliffe, widow of the late Viscount Stratford de Redcliffe—better remembered, perhaps, as Sir Stratford Canning—at her residence, Frant Court, Frant, near Tunbridge Wells, on the 25th ult.

The Ven. James Randall, formerly Archdeacon of Berkshire, on the 19th ult., aged ninety-two. He was formerly Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford; Rector of Binfield, and Canon of Bristol; and was author of several religious works.

The Rev. Edward Hawkins, D.D., Provost of Oriel College, Oxford, and Canon of Rochester, on the 18th inst., in his ninety-fourth year. He had been Provost since 1828, and was also Rector of Purleigh, Maldon, Essex. In 1840 he was Bampton Lecturer.

The Hon. Gertrude Sophia Arbuthnot, second daughter of Field Marshal Viscount Gough and sister of the present Viscount Gough, on the 19th ult., at St. Leonard's-on-Sea. She was born in 1816, and was married, in 1837, to Mr. Archibald Francis Arbuthnot, who died in 1879.

Harriet, Lady Edwards, daughter of the Rev. Charles Johnson, Canon of Wells, and widow, first, of John Owen Herbert, Esq., of Doleforan; and, secondly, of Sir John Edwards, Bart., on the 23rd ult., aged eighty-one. Her daughter is the present Marchioness of Londonderry.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications relating to this department of the Paper should be addressed to the Editor, and have the word "Chess" written on the envelope.

L. L. (New Brighton).—Not without promise, but incorrect. The White Rook is superfluous in every variation of the solution. For example: After 1. Q to R 2nd, K takes P at E 4th; White can now play 2. Q to K Kt 5th, instead of your move 2. R to K Kt sq.

G. W. W. (Torquay).—Thanks for your courtesy. We shall not fail to direct attention to your very excellent column in the Torquay Directory.

S. W. M. (Norwich).—No. 2019 cannot be solved by way of 1. K to K 7th, Black's answer to which is 1. K to B 3rd, and not the weak substitute for it you have adopted. The only solution to No. 2019 is that published some weeks ago.

Chicwellan.—To No. 2019 the answer to 1. R takes P (ch) is 1. K to B 3rd, threatening to check with Kt at K 3rd.

T. H. (Acton).—A collection of Morphy's games was published in 1860 by H. G. Bohn, Covent-garden, but it is probably out of print.

Amateur (Mauritius).—We have not the problem at hand to enable us to examine your variation, but we are satisfied that if any defect existed we should have heard of it before the receipt of your letter.

C. E. T. (Clifton).—A very acceptable pair. Thanks.

NOTE.—The mate announced by Captain Michell's was effected by way of 1. Q to R 6th. Correspondents who have sent us that solution will please accept this note as an acknowledgment of their correctness.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS 2010, 2011, 2012, and 2013 received from An Amateur (Mauritius); of No. 2015 from N. O. Strinivasachary (Erode, Madras); and No. 2016 from S. Subramania Tyer (Madras).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2020 received from Irene (Brussels), T. Brandreth, H. H. T. (Acton), Philo Symonous, F. Johnston, and A. H. Mann.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2021 received from T. Brandreth, John M. Mallow, F. F. (Brussels), Philo Symonous, W. Gillingham (Swansea), G. J. Veale, Sidney Meymote, Florence (Exeter), T. Carroll, and E. L. G.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2022 received from H. B. T. Brandreth, James Robertson (Edinburgh), Jumbo, E. Featherstone, Alpha, A. C. Hunt, Gyp, J. Ainsworth, Llewellyn, A. Wigmore, M. Tipping, Cant, S. Bullen, E. Loudon, H. Lucas, W. Hillier, Sambo, G. Seymour, Alfred Robinson, Otto Pulder (Ghent), Harry Springthorpe, S. W. Mann, G. Kestelrooke, F. Johnston, C. Oswald, Harry Briskow, Ben Nevis, E. B. H. A. H. Mann, B. H. G. (Salsbury), Jupiter Junior, R. L. Southwell, Sursum (Dulwich), New Forest, H. Blacklock, D. W. Kell, E. L. G., Benjamin George, M. O'Halloran, H. H. Noyes, J. R. (Edinburgh), R. H. Brooks, L. L. Greenaway, Julia Short, G. W. Law, G. S. Oldfield, E. Casella (Paris), C. Warburton, L. Falcon (Antwerp), A. Harper, G. W. Milson, Schmuks, Shadforth, A. M. Colborne, S. Lowndes, H. R. Andry, Kitten, Sydney Meymote, Z. Ingold, Sadbury (Suffolk), F. H. (Tralee), A. H. Cobb, W. J. Rudman, R. T. Kemp, Little Tommy, W. Porter, T. Carroll, A. R. Street, L. Wyman, A. W. Scrutton, Leslie Lachlan, and F. W. (Liverpool).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2021.

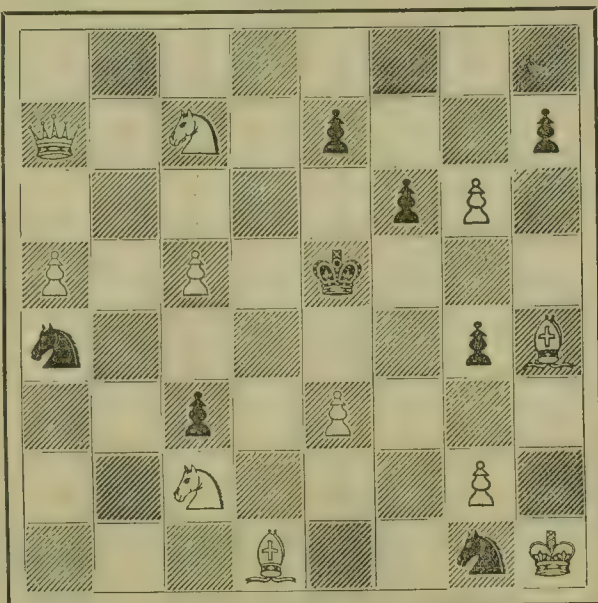
WHITE.	BLACK.
1. R to B 6th	Any move
2. Mates accordingly.	

PROBLEM No. 2024.

By J. W. ABBOTT.

(Third Prize in Brentano's International Tourney.)

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in four moves.

PAUL MORPHY.

The Echo of last Saturday announced, on what we are assured is good authority, the death of Paul Morphy, the greatest chessplayer of our time. It is twenty-five years ago since the name of Morphy attained a sudden eminence in the chess world unparalleled in the history of the game and its players. In June, 1857, when he was twenty years of age, his reputation had not extended beyond a little circle of amateurs in New Orleans. Few, indeed, outside that circle knew that eight years before he had defeated his uncle, Ernest Morphy, then justly regarded as one of the best players in the United States, or that, at the age of thirteen, he had beaten Löwenthal on even terms. Chess news travelled slowly in those days; and when young Morphy was invited to take part in the first tournament of American chessplayers, held in New York during the months of October and November, 1857, no one, not even himself, anticipated the triumph he was destined to achieve. He won the first prize with the loss of one game only, although among his conquered competitors was Louis Paulsen, even then known to be a learned, ingenious, and first-rate master of chess. The real struggle in this tourney lay between Morphy and Paulsen, and their encounter, neither having lost a game up to the day of their meeting, excited the liveliest interest. The result of their match was Morphy, 5; Paulsen, 1; drawn, 2; and upon its conclusion the destination of the chief prizes was no longer doubtful. This match was also noteworthy for the production of the gem of the tournament, which, as it will probably be new to most of our readers, we reproduce here:—

WHITE (Herr L. Paulsen).	BLACK (Mr. Morphy).	WHITE (Herr L. Paulsen).	BLACK (Mr. Morphy).
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	17. Q to R 6th	Q takes B
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	18. P takes Q	R to Kt 3rd (ch)
3. Kt to Q B 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd	19. K to R sq	B to R 6th
4. B to Q Kt 5th	B to Q B 4th	20. R to Q sq	B to Kt 7th (ch)
5. Castles	Castles	21. K to Kt sq	B takes P (dis. ch)
6. Kt takes P	R to K sq	22. K to B sq	B to Kt 7th (ch)
7. Kt takes Kt	Q P takes Kt	23. K to Kt sq	B to R 6th (dis. ch)
8. B to Q B 4th	P to Q Kt 4th	24. K to R sq	B takes P
9. B to K 2nd	Kt takes P	25. Q to K B 3rd	B takes Q
10. Kt takes Kt	R takes Kt	26. R takes B	R to K 7th
11. B to R 3rd	Q to K 3rd	27. R to Q R sq	R to K R 3rd
12. P to Q B 3rd	R to Q 6th	28. P to Q 4th	B to K 6th, and wins.
13. P to Q Kt 4th	B to Kt 3rd		
14. P to Q R 4th	P takes P		
15. Q takes P	B to Q 2nd		
16. R to R 2nd	Q R to K sq		

This remarkably fine game, with ample notes appended to it, will be found in the book of the "First American Chess Congress," published by Sampson Low and Co.

Morphy's victory in the American tournament was regarded lightly in Europe, and the somewhat extravagant praise of the American press was liberally discounted, especially in England. But all doubts of the young champion's skill were dissipated soon after his arrival in England in the summer of 1858. Disappointed in his desire to play a match with the late Mr. Staunton, he pitted his strength against every other eminent player in London, and a mere record of his score with them is sufficient to prove his superiority to all his contemporaries. His first match in England was against Löwenthal, which he won by 9 to 3, and 2 draws. Against "Altey," a well-known player, he won 5, lost 0, and drew 7, the American giving the odds of Pawn and move. His next public appearance was at Birmingham, on Aug. 27, 1858, when he played eight games, *sans voir*, against eight strong opponents, winning 7 and losing 1 to Mr. Kipping, of Manchester. A portrait of Mr. Morphy, with the games played on this occasion, annotated by the late Mr. Staunton, will be found in the *Illustrated London News* of Sept. 18, 1858. Meanwhile, his score in offhand games against our best players was as follows:—Against the late Mr. Barnes, 19 to 7; against the late Mr. Boden, 5 to 1 and 3 draws; against the Rev. Mr. Owen, 4 to 1; and against Mr. Bird, 10 to 1. Besides these contests he engaged in consultation games, in which he was invariably on the winning side. Mr. Morphy's next match was played with Herr Harwitz, at the Café de la Régence in Paris, when, after losing two games and drawing one, he scored five successes, at which point Herr Harwitz resigned; and in the same city he encountered Herr Anderssen, winning with a score of seven games to two, and two draws. This was the last match in which he engaged, and two years later, when a new star, Kolisch, challenged him, he declined to play any more matches at chess. He retired soon after to New Orleans, where a blameless, although, it is said, an eccentric, life passed away.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated May 11, 1877), with five codicils thereto, of Baron Solomon Benedict de Worms, late of The Lodge, Egham, Surrey, and of 27, Park-crescent, Portland-place, who died at Brighton on Oct. 20 last, was proved in the principal registry of the Court of Probate on the 16th ult. by Baron George de Worms and Baron Henry de Worms, M.P., the two sons of the deceased, two of the executors (power being reserved to the other executor, Mr. Adolf Landauer, of Vienna, the son-in-law of the deceased, to prove the same), the value of the personal estate amounting to £429,271, exclusive of that in Austria and elsewhere on the Continent. The testator leaves £30,000, in trust, for his daughter Ellen, the wife of Mr. Adolf Landauer, and her husband and children (having already made provision for his daughter on her marriage and otherwise); and also, in trust, for the widow and children of his late son Anthony such a sum as, with the sums payable on his death, under the documents mentioned in his will, would make up the sum of £50,000. The will contains numerous legacies to friends and charities, and an option to his sons, in succession, to purchase his freehold estate at Egham. The residue of his property is left to his two sons, Baron George de Worms and Baron Henry de Worms, in equal shares.

The will (dated Oct. 21, 1873) of Mr. Thomas Edward Fairfax, formerly of the Bengal Civil Service, but late of the Albany, Piccadilly, who died on Oct. 5 last, at Greycrook, St. Boswell's, Roxburghshire, was proved on the 16th ult. by Sir William George Herbert Taylor Ramsay Fairfax, Bart., the brother, the value of the personal estate in the United Kingdom amounting to over £77,000. The testator, after giving legacies to relatives and others, gives one third of the residue of his property to each of his brothers, Sir William G. H. T. R. Fairfax and Henry Fairfax, and the other third to his sister, Mrs. Elizabeth Mary Gregory, for life, and then to his said two brothers.

The will (dated Oct. 4, 1880) of Mr. George Smith Cundell, late of Clarence Lodge, Clarence-road, Clapham, who died on Oct. 26 last, was proved on the 18th ult. by Henry Cundell, the brother, Herbert Stewart Cundell, the nephew, and James Nicholson, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £58,000. The testator bequeaths to his brother, Henry Cundell, £10,000; to his nephew, Herbert Stewart Cundell, £5000; and numerous other legacies. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his said brother.

The will (dated Aug. 13, 1878) of Mr. Joseph Thomas Clover, surgeon, of No. 3, Cavendish-place, Cavendish-square, who died on Sept. 27 last, was proved on the 18th ult. by Mrs. Mary Anne Clover, the widow, and the Rev. George Thomas Hall, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £27,000. The testator leaves to his wife £3000, and all his household furniture, plate, jewellery, and effects; the residue of his property is to be held upon trust for her during widowhood, she maintaining and educating sons under twenty-one, and daughters under that age and spinsters, and then for all his children in equal shares.

The will (dated March 28, 1882) of Mr. Henry Butler, late of No. 103, Southampton-row, Russell-square, who died on Oct. 13 last, was proved on the 15th ult. by William Barnard Butler and Charles Butler, the nephews, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £22,000. Subject to several legacies, the testator leaves three-tenths of his property to the children of his brother Daniel Butler; three-tenths to the children of his sister, Mrs. Sarah Keep; and four-tenths to his brother Charles Butler.

The will (dated July 12, 1882) of Mr. Charles Panton, formerly of the Queen's Remembrancer's Office, but late of No. 18, Woburn-square, who died on Sept. 24 last, has been proved by Richard Hankins, Alfred Conder, the nephew, and Thomas Joseph Pearson, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £15,000. The testator bequeaths a few legacies, and then leaves the residue of his property, upon trust, for his daughter, Mrs. Maria Emma Pearson, for life, and at her death for her two children, Maria Louisa Pearson and William Panton Pearson, as she shall appoint.

The will (dated July 12, 1879) of Mr. Capel Berrow Berger, late of Sion House, Lower Clapton, who died on Jan. 1 last, was proved on the 6th ult. by Mrs. Cordelia Berger, the widow, and the Rev. Arthur Hastings Berger, the son, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £11,000. The testator bequeaths to his wife his residence, with the furniture and effects, and £300; she is also to have the income of £9000 for life; and to the Rev. Dan Greatorex, £50, in remembrance of their friendship. The residue of his real and personal property is to be divided between his sons, Arthur Hastings and John Cecil, and his daughters, Louisa Jane and Florence Adeline.

The will (dated April 26, 1881) of Mr. Charles Frederick Thruston, late of Talgarth Hall, Merionethshire, who died on Aug. 26 last, was proved on the 1st ult. by Sackville Phelps and the Rev. Walter Francis Short, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £5000. The testator bequeaths his furniture, plate, household effects, farming stock and crops, to his wife; and legacies to his executors. All his manors, messuages, and hereditaments, and the residue of his personal estate, subject to some annual charges thereon made in favour of his daughters, are settled upon his wife for life, and then upon his son, Charles Nisbet Thruston.

Mr. Gladstone, in recognition of the literary merits of the late Mr. Forsyth, who was for thirty years editor of the *Aberdeen Journal*, has made a grant to Mrs. Forsyth of £50 from the Royal Bounty Fund.

The Duke of Sutherland has sent a cheque to all his arable tenants with an amount equal to from 10 to 25 per cent off their forthcoming rent. His Grace has considered each tenant's circumstances individually.—The Rev. F. O. Mayne, Vicar of Bearded, has remitted 50 per cent of the Extraordinary Tithe payable by the farmers in his parish for the present year.

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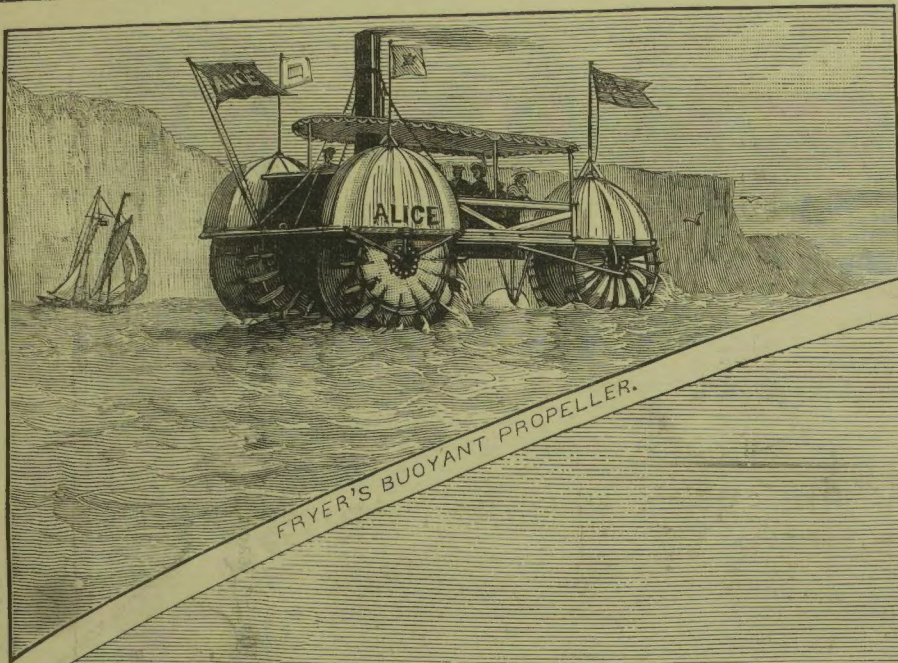
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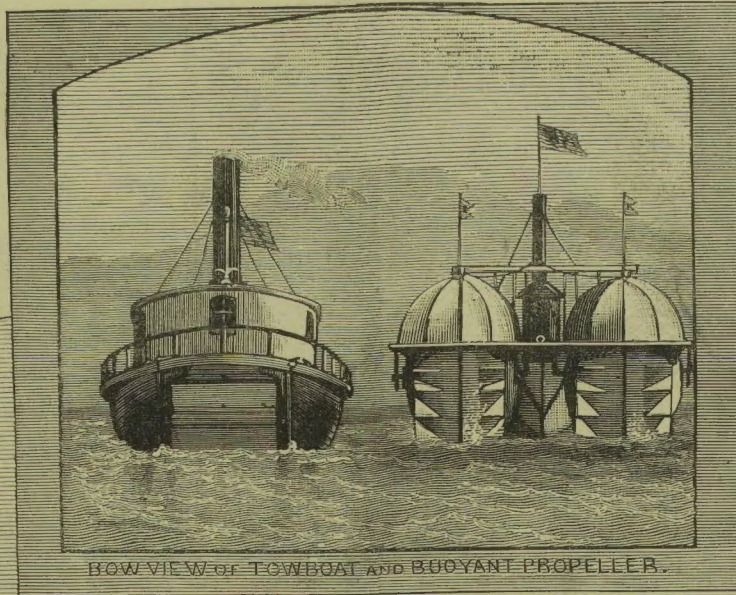


1. View of the Interior, showing bins. 2. Top Warehouse and Storing-Rooms. 3. Part of the Interior, showing casks. 4. Interior of a Bin. 5. Vats at end of cellar. The right-hand vat gained the prize in the Paris Exhibition, 1878. The one next to it, erected in honour of the Crown Prince Rudolph of Austria, was sent to the cellar in 1878. 6. Cases of bottled Carbowitz. 7. Storing-room for wine in casks. 8. Exterior of Vaults and Storehouses, extending 600 ft.

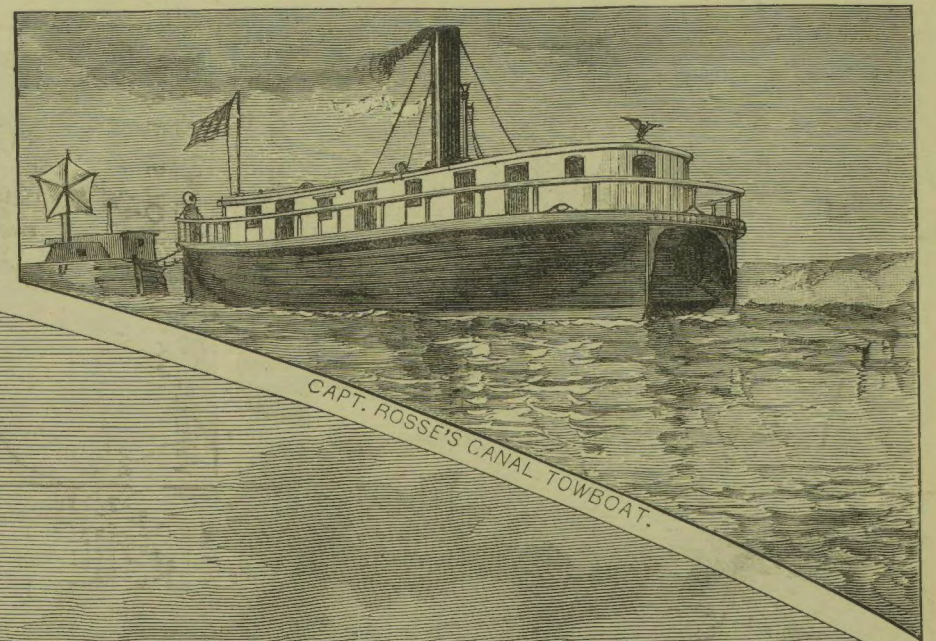
VIEW OF PART OF MAX GREGER'S (LIMITED) CELLARS IN SOUTHWARK.



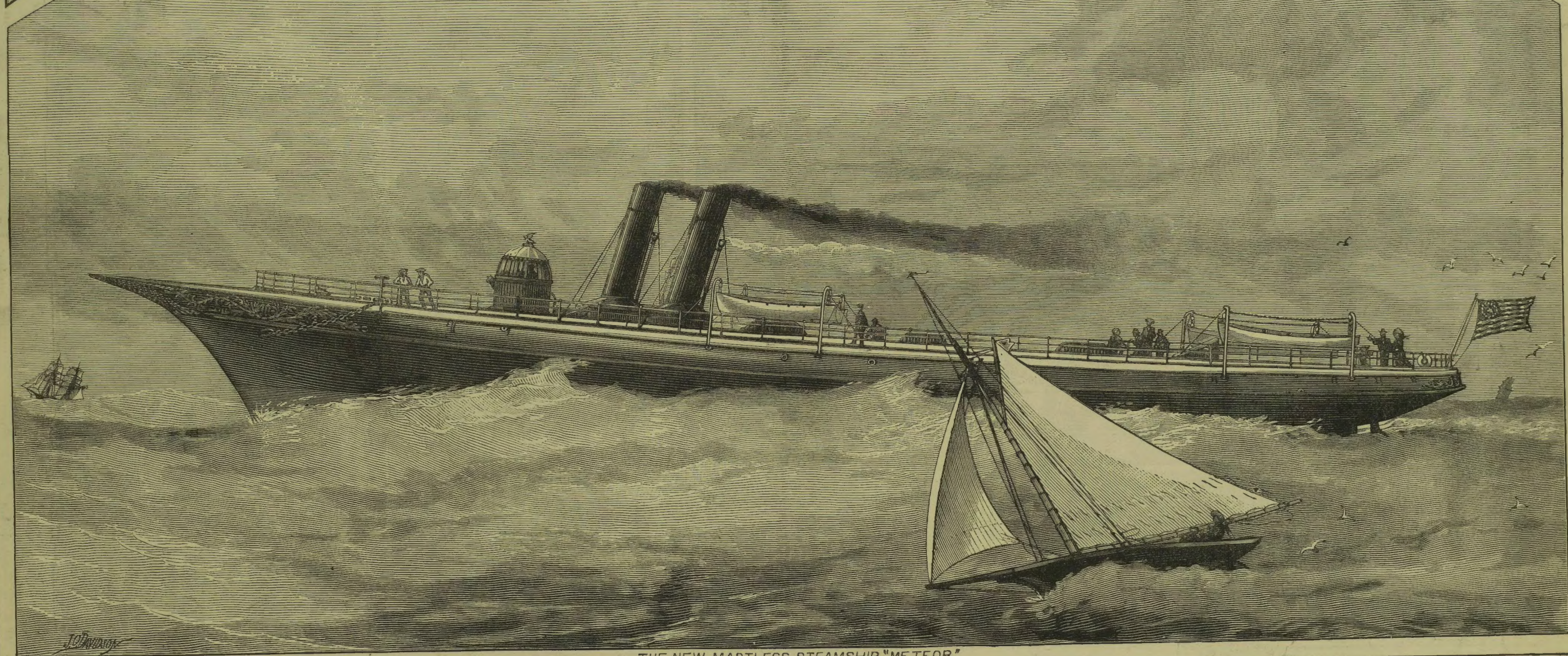
FRYER'S BUOYANT PROPELLER.



BOW VIEW OF TOWBOAT AND BUOYANT PROPELLER.



CAPT. ROSSE'S CANAL TOWBOAT.



THE NEW MASTLESS STEAMSHIP "METEOR."

"PURSUED."

Here is a predicament, appealing to the sympathies of all true hearts. A pair of lovers taking flight—the lady rescued, it may be, from some harsh guardian—hoping to join their fates at Greta Green, or in some more orthodox and respectable manner. Merrily they pursue their way, when suddenly the lady's horse swerves, staggers, and falls to the ground, dead beat. The gentleman is quickly on foot, and rescues the damsel, unhurt, from her perilous position. No sooner is this done, than they descry their pursuers coming over the brow of the steep hill they have just mounted. The gentleman snatches his pistols from the holsters (there were no six-shooters in those days) resolved, it seems, to sell his life dearly. Such is the scene depicted by the artist. But stay; is it a mere runaway match? The pistols tell a different tale. Surely no cavalier would slay any of his lady-love's kith or kin, and in her sight too? No; this is the true interpretation of the incident so vividly presented. The lady has been delivered from the power of a tyrannical chief, whose only creed is that might is right, and who, in a lawless age and country, would fain force her into a hated marriage with him. And now, unhappy fate! just as they were pluming themselves on the prospect of reaching a place of safety among his or her friends, this untoward accident will again throw her into the tyrant's power. The danger is not, however, so imminent as they think, the sympathising reader will rejoice to know. Taking up the thread of the adventure at the joint set before us by the artist, we proceed summarily to unwind it. While two of the pursuers slacken their pace, one of them hastens on, waving a white handkerchief, which he snatches from his breast-pocket; and on nearing them, he is discovered, to their great joy, to be a staunch friend of theirs. His tale is told in breathless haste, for prompt action is still required. On hearing of their plight and of the pursuit of them by an armed band, he, with two others, instantly took horse, and, knowing the country well, came by a near cut, and so got between the lovers and their fierce pursuers. Meanwhile, the side-saddle is quickly transferred from the back of the worn-out horse to that of a comparatively fresh one, the lady is soon remounted, and the couple are again in full flight; the friendly new-comers remaining to bar the way, if need be, of the oncoming pursuers. Finally, "from information received," the reader is assured (though the assurance is hardly needed by sympathetic souls) that a refuge is safely gained, and the tyrant foiled—the couple being duly married, and "living happily ever afterwards."

MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

Messrs. Stanley Lucas, Weber, and Co. have recently published some very attractive compositions, vocal and instrumental. Among the former are "Six Songs," by J. Gledhill, of a graceful and refined character; our favourites being, "I Dream of Thee," and "To a Woodlark," "Zahra," an "Arab Song," by C. Salaman, is characteristic; "The Rose's Love," a cantata for three female voices, by A. Schliebner, is light and pleasing; "Who is the Angel that cometh?" a part-song, by Henry Leslie, will be welcome; and "Come, Let's Play at Soldiers," "Boys' March," by Viscountess Folkestone, is so simple, yet spirited, that it is sure to please in the nursery or kinder-garten. The pianoforte contributions from the same firm are interesting, especially a "Menuet Impromptu," by Walter Macfarren; and a Serenade, and No. 1 of Three Scherzos, by J. Gledhill.

From the house of Mr. Joseph Williams we have an agreeable variety of songs and pianoforte pieces. "Better Moments," song, by Eugene Barnett; "Far and Near" (the maiden's song), by P. Maquet; and "Only a Little While" and "The Captain's Daughter," by Florian Pascal, will find admirers; while the "Danse Rustique," "Mazeppa" (galop), and "Isabelle" (grande valse), by G. Bachmann, are brilliant morceaux for the piano, possessing the advantage of not being difficult.

Messrs. Duff and Stewart send some pretty songs by Franz Abt—viz., "Thankfulness," "Once More," and "Land of my Love;" also a light and tuneful valse chantante entitled "Always May," by W. C. Levey.

The lovers of a severer class of music will be gratified by the bill of fare put forth by Messrs. Novello, Ewer, and Co.

Several original organ compositions, by Gustav Merkel, C. Steggall, C. E. Stephens, Sir F. A. Gore-Ouseley, G. Garrett, and other well-known writers for this instrument, maintain the high standard of the firm; as will also the vocal music, amongst which may be specified three songs about a rose—"Go, Rose, my Chloe's Bosom Grace," "Go, lovely Rose," and "If this fair Rose offend thy sight," by Morton Latham; "Hymn to the Night," by Bernard Farebrother; and twelve canons for two-part female chorus (or two solo voices) by Carl Reinecke.

Passing from grave to gay, we must give a word of greeting to some pretty dance music published by Messrs. Metzler and Co. A "Valse Vénitienne" and "Au Printemps" (also a valse), by Emile Waldteufel, are fresh and taking; as is likewise "Springtide Revels," by Edward Harper.

Messrs. Duncan Davison and Co. have lately issued some songs and pianoforte pieces which are likely to find favour with the public. We may mention "Hearts," song, by H. C. Hiller; "The Poet's Song," ballad, by Hope Temple; and "Wae is my Heart," song, by E. D. Perrott; an "Air de Danse," for piano, by D. R. Munro; "Sea Breezes," sketch for the pianoforte, by the same composer; and Glover's "Galop di Bravura," for the pianoforte.

The names of Jacques Blumenthal, Ciro Pinsuti, and Berthold Tours, as song-writers, are guarantees of refined productions, and we can cordially recommend "Unsaid," by the first-mentioned composer; "Two Wings" and "In the Heart of London Town," by Pinsuti, which possess much pathos. The same may be said of "The New Kingdom," by B. Tours. Of a more robust character are the songs "The Victoria Cross," and "Uncle," by A. J. Caldicott; and "The Outpost," by Pinsuti. "The Merry Old Maid," song, by Louis Diehl, is quaint and piquant. These are all published by Messrs. W. Morley and Co.

Some easy but effective pianoforte pieces, from the house of Forsyth Brothers, deserve mention. They are fingered, and will be found useful for young performers. We may name "Petite Polonoise" and "Prière de Mignon," by G. Micheux; and "Lyla," mazurka, and "By the Stream," sketch for the pianoforte, by W. Smallwood.

From Mr. Edwin Ashdown we have some pleasing additions to the pianoforte repertoire in some compositions by Sydney Smith and Boyton Smith. "The Minster Tower" "Gavotte" and "Musette," and "La Tristesse," by the former, are melodious; and a "Rigaudon" and a "Polonoise," by the latter composer, have a pleasant quaintness.

Messrs. S. Brewer and Co. furnish some selections from classical authors, arranged by J. Pridham, in an easy form, and called "Sabbath Recreations." They will, no doubt, be appreciated.

NOVELS.

Nightmares fill no inconsiderable space in the three volumes entitled *One of 'Us'*: by Edmund Randolph, jun. (Sampson Low and Co.), and the novel reads something like a nightmare reproduced in print. There is no continuous story, and to give a summary of such story as there is would severely task the powers of a professional abstract-writer. The first volume is made up principally of very loosely connected sketches, such as a semi-facetious writer of the rattle-brain type might contribute, from time to time, to the columns of a second-rate society paper, describing a "fast" club, and some of its more disagreeable members; a journey by rail in company with a gentleman's gentleman and a lady's maid, both of whom, by-the-way, the narrator ought to have "spotted" at once, as his readers most certainly will do; a purgatorial drive inside a coach overcrowded with fish-women and the like; a handful of literary gentlemen in caricature; a dinner-party at the country-house of a lady bearing a strong resemblance in many features to Mrs. Leo Hunter, and so on. It is a long while before there is any particular personage to attract the reader's attention and awaken interest; and when such a personage does at last pop up like a jack-in-the-box, the things which are done and said are of the most preposterous kind. The narrative may be said to move on like a train in a fog, near a station, with a series of impulses or jolts, and with an occasional explosion. There is a lack of constructive skill and of literary finish; there is no lack of cleverness and dash, there is a noticeable amount of force, there is a vein of drollery, and some of the incidents are extremely amusing and irresistibly provocative of laughter. The author, who is his own "hero," if not his own trumpeter, complains in a footnote, vol. ii., p. 182, that he was somewhat scurvily treated in the matter of a witticism, which he takes the opportunity of presenting on his own account to the public. "Is the barometer very low?" asks the author of his attendant, Mr. Goby, who answers: "The barometer, colonel, ain't got no effect on the weather in these 'ere parts," and in the footnote we read: "This *not* (sic) of Mr. Goby's having been rejected, not without contumely, by Mr. Punch, by some mysterious process afterwards appeared in his pages." The joke is not of the very first and most recondite order, and might undoubtedly have occurred to a host of facetiously minded persons; and the mystery of its rejection and subsequent appearance in *Punch* is to be explained without any imputation of what Ancient Pistol would have called "conveyance." It is just possible that the author of the novel was not the original maker of the joke, and that, as everybody cannot be familiar with every known joke, and as periodicals, like other businesses, cannot always be superintended by the same person, the joke in question was first of all rejected by somebody who considered it stale, and was afterwards, having been offered again from some other quarter or having lain about the office since its rejection, inserted by somebody to whom it was new. This solution is suggested for what it may be worth; but the joke itself is hardly so unique and brilliant that its authorship, its acceptance, its rejection, and its "conveyance" should be a matter of importance to the British public.

A pleasant and wholesome tale of English country life, pervaded by the sentiment of kindly, neighbourly charity and mutual goodwill, is Holme Lee's *A Poor Squire*, in two volumes (Smith, Elder, and Co.). Mr. Arthur Verulam, of Oak Royal, is the gentleman in question, an example of the comparative "poverty of the well-born, to whom honourable traditions, an old manor-house, and a little land, are an inheritance," more prized by themselves than "the accumulations of new wealth." He is of studious but not indolent disposition, and might often be seen with a book lounging in his garden or orchard, till he approached middle age, still a bachelor, leading a somewhat retired rural life. There is a lady much younger than himself, Alice Holt, a baronet's daughter, and one of the most estimable and agreeable of her sex, whom he has known from her childhood; but, till the middle of the second volume, it is doubtful whether he may not be fated to become the husband of Fanny Moss, one of his relatives, who has come into a good fortune, and who loves him so frankly that he cannot help knowing the fact. She is, however, too honest and unselfish, when she perceives the rights of the case and his own feeling towards Alice, to set up any rivalry with that young person in the affections of Mr. Verulam; and the course of true love, after some hindrances of no alarming character, finally runs smooth and calm. The Poor Squire, by the aid of a rich Jewish neighbour, Mr. Golding, who approves of his Liberal principles, gets a seat in the House of Commons, to which we are indebted for some very sensible observations upon the political condition of England at the present time. Among the other persons of the story is Mr. Mark Eliot, a brave young fellow, of the modern enterprising type, who, after being educated at Rugby and Balliol, has emigrated to Colorado, and has returned with fine fresh notions of colonial expansion, but with unabated English loyalty and religious earnestness. He, too, obtains a seat in Parliament, and speaks with effect. There is also a wise and good parish clergyman, the Squire's brother; an elderly maiden authoress, Mary Stephens, who stays at home in her little parlour to write instructive books, yet who believes in the future social emancipation of womanhood; a Lord and Lady Loftus, whose behaviour is perfectly natural in spite of the coronet of earldom; and two or three couples of different rank, but equally human, whose acquaintance will neither offend nor perplex the reader of this unexciting but pleasing domestic story.

English people at Venice, at the beginning of the narrative, in Mrs. Parr's three volumes of *Robin* (R. Bentley and Son), would appear to promise some mixture of the homely social types with the romantic accessories of Italian scenery and chances of adventure beneath a Southern sky. But the greater part of the subsequent action takes place at Wadpole, the very name of which might suffice to remove all fancies of an exotic and melodramatic complexion. The person called "Robin," somewhat oddly, is the young lady heroine, Miss Robina Veriker; and her treasure of a heart, which, of course, is the mainspring of emotional interest, comes to be disputed between "Jack" Dorian and Christopher Blunt. Mr. John Dorian is rich, and was in his youth not over-steady, being an intimate companion of Robin's dissipated father, who dies leaving her poorly off in this world's gear. Christopher, on the other hand, is the good and noble son of a tyrannical and peevish old man, to such a degree that somebody remarks, "He's got a beast for a father," but he obtains the hand of Robin by a secret marriage. As old Blunt and old Veriker had been mortal enemies, the young couple could not be forgiven. They have no home of their own, and are far from being so happy as they ought to have been, when the most serious complications arise from the revived claims of the impetuous Jack, who is, by-the-way, now Squire of Wadpole, and is called Mr. Dorian-Chandos, having taken a new name, with a fair estate, by the death of his uncle Chandos. The latter part of the story, we are sorry to say, puts honest Christopher to an early death, much lamented and revered; after which, Jack seems to undergo an edifying conversion into a worthy Christian gentleman, and is finally accepted by

Robin for her second husband, the justification of this being that he was really her first love. Our sympathies are decidedly with Christopher; and we think Miss Georgy Temple would have been quite good enough for Jack, as she had long cherished a vehement affection for him; but that fashionable young lady, once so fast, becomes the pattern wife of the Rector of Uplands church.

IN A VALLEY.

The valley lies low, between two ranges of hills—one guarding it from the great wide sea; the other standing as a shield from the winds that blow freely over the open moor that in autumn lies like a spreading purple garment for miles and miles inland, and in winter is the haunt of many a bird. The valley is perpetually sad, and is generally filled high with a soft grey mist, that occasionally, before a very hot sun or strong wind, rises and drifts gradually away, only to return at evening, and sink down once more, covering the whole place as with a veil.

Profound quiet and peace brood in the valley, broken only by a harsh cry from a sea-gull, driven inland for a while, or by the chip of the stonemason's hammer, as he works perpetually at the quarries, that yawn like so many graves, on the side of the farther hills, close to the never-ceasing, mournful-sounding sea. On an autumn afternoon it is inexpressibly impressive to wander up the rough clay lanes that creep up the hillside, and, triumphant from the climb, gaze from our vantage-ground into the valley below us, or on the sea on the other side, where, as the mist rises, we can watch the great ships suddenly loom beneath us—homeward or outward bound—and disappear again—cloudless as is all around—into the grey distance; or catch the steady flap-flap of the cormorant's wings as he flies heavily along towards his resting-place in the rocks yonder.

In the valley the heath has already ceased to glow redly under the sunset, and has become brown and dead, while patches of a yellower hue and an indescribable faint odour tell us that the stately bracken has begun to fade, and has been cut in places for bedding for the cows or rough ponies that stand meditatively dotted about the heath, and that belong to sundry folk who inhabit cottages that look like big excrescences in the heath, and are only marked to us as habitations by the thin blue line of smoke that, as the mist clears away to make room for the sunset, rises into the sharp autumnal air.

Over by Holme the trees have begun to alter, the gaunt pine-tree being alone unchanged, while deep scarlet chestnut-leaves, and saffron-hued beeches give emphasis to the scene, that would otherwise lack a distinctive colour; for in autumn the valley has only shades of grey or dull purple with which to deck itself for our delight. Just yonder, too, are the oak-trees, generally the last to change their livery; and below these we can watch the stately pheasant stalk, dragging his plumes after him like a lady's train, eager for the acorns that fall ever and anon with a dull thud; while at a little distance the sharp rattle of guns, one after the other, tells us that the pheasants' days are numbered, and their feast will only be a very short one after all.

From the top of the hill we can hear the long surge of the sea as it flows in on the pebbly shore, and then retreats with a prolonged murmur, strangely like the sigh of some unsatisfied soul, and that mingles even more strangely with the never-ceasing harsh cry of the jacksaws that whirl and manœuvre round the grim old castle, the beautiful ruins of which stand as if guarding the gap in the hills from which it takes its name. It is difficult, when we survey the peaceful monotony of the valley, to realise that this was once a battle-ground, and that the delightful quiet was continually broken by the clash of steel, the whiz of arrows, and, in later days, by the boom of artillery; and we realise very forcibly how a place, like a man, has its day but once; and that it must be satisfied to know that, its time done, it must contentedly sink into an honoured old age, certain that for it, at least, there will be no return of ancient glories.

And in our valley they seem quite content. Here and there there is an isolated farm-house, standing all alone save for a handful of labourers' cottages nestling up against the barns as if for warmth and shelter. But it is heart-breaking work to farm there, for the mist is a terrible enemy; and the great gales, that seem to use the valley as a speaking-trumpet, arise at most untoward times, and generally spoil all that the dim fog has left.

Silence and damp ever seem to brood on the doorsteps; the very fowls are never dry, and have a most draggle-tail appearance; and the stone walls, that in places give the valley a look as of a disused churchyard, are gemmed with yellow and grey lichen, and are generally humid and dark with exhaled mist. In the hedges by the roadside everything runs riot in the autumn; great straggling arms of clematis, called old-man's beard, twine among the hips and haws, just now superabundant; oak-apples; and the lovely bedeguars on the wild roses are close together, and hang round the gateposts that mark the entrance into one of these lonely farmsteads.

It is curious that any one can be found to farm in the valley, but no one can dwell there without sharing in some sort the silent self-contained life of the lotos-eater. Day succeeds day, like the waves follow each other on the seashore beyond the sheltering hills, and things always seem as if they must surely be better in time: for occasionally, especially in spring, things appear so cheerful; all the hedgerows are crowded with violets and primroses and newly-uncurling fern fronds, while in low-growing spots the willows are golden with palms, while the peewit flits about with its welcome cry, and everything is so full of promises of better days that some of them must surely be kept! The stonecutters have work to do; and as the great horses walk backwards and forwards in the fields, followed by birds eager for the worms newly turned up by the plough, the despondent farmer looks forward hopefully, and already sees yellow ripened grain where at the time is only the blue-green of the wheat just peering above the earth. There is not much hope left in autumn. The faint green sky in which glimmers a bright star that speaks of the frosts to be, is not long in retaining any tints of the sunset; and as we turn regretfully away from our hill-top and wander down the sticky road, we watch one after the other of the windows in the farms faintly light up, as the housewife trims the ungenial paraffine lamp, that always smells, no matter how great her care; and we can well picture to ourselves the sigh with which she turns from the grey gloom outside to the heap of work that scarcely seems worth doing, for surely it will have to be done all over again in a few days. But such is life—more especially is life like this, in the valley!

J. E. P.

The council of the British Association have nominated Mr. A. G. Vernon Harcourt to the office of general secretary of the association, in the room of the late Professor M. Balfour.

The Preston election resulted in the return of Mr. Tomlinson (Conservative) by a majority of 2184 over his Conservative opponent, Mr. Hanbury. There was no Liberal candidate.



PURSUED.

DRAWN BY S. BENTLEY.

NEW BOOKS.

Mr. Robert Buchanan writes prose with the pen of a poet, and never is he more poetical or more faithful to nature than in describing those islands "placed far amid the melancholy main" that are the glory of western Scotland. A new edition of *The Hebridean Isles* (Chatto and Windus) appears opportunely. Ten years ago, on the first publication of these chapters, the writer prefixed, doubtless without permission, a powerful and somewhat ironical dedication to Princess Louise. It is now reprinted in an appendix, "chiefly for the sake of its remarks on the social condition of the Scottish Highlands." Many of the statements made in that Dedication apply with equal truth to the present condition of the people. These true sons of the soil are so far removed from us—less, indeed, by distance than by ignorance—that if they suffer from injustice or misfortune, their sufferings are apt to be unheeded. Every one, however, must have read with some anxiety of the recent disturbances in Skye. The Crofters of that island, in Mr. Buchanan's judgment—and it is one with which many readers will agree—are maintaining their agrarian rights. Many a pitiful tale of clearances has reached us in past days from the Highlands, and the system which substitutes deer or cattle for human beings continues to yield bitter fruit; so true is it that—

A bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroyed, can never be supplied.

Mr. Buchanan holds a strong view on this subject, and is utterly opposed to the school of economists who favour the great sheep-farm system. He avers that this system has not succeeded so well as was anticipated, and also that the Army "has suffered incalculable loss through the change of the once thickly populated Highlands into a barren wilderness." The author's arguments are weighty, and his enthusiasm in what he regards as a good cause deserves respect. We demur, however, to the words in the Preface, penned, no doubt, in a moment of honest if untempered indignation, in which the writer expresses, not his belief only, but his hope, that a time is at hand "when the cruel 'clearances' will be avenged, and when the blood shed wholesale in the glens will form the sacrament of a new and happier dispensation." It is pleasant to agree with an author than to differ from him, and dull must be the reader who will not sympathise with the poetic feeling that gives light and warmth to these pages. Mr. Buchanan can be practical enough when he pleases, but he is never prosaic, and presents a picture of what he loves as faithful as it is beautiful. It was Thomas Faller, who said that a man should know his own country well before going over the threshold, and Mr. Buchanan, after describing and enjoying the glorious scenery of the Hebrides, has reached the same conclusion. It is pre-eminently a wise one. The wealth of Great Britain in natural beauty is known only to those who have wandered in untravelled ways, who have had leisure to linger and enjoy, and who are content, if we may so express it, to be the patient servants of Nature rather than her masters. It needs a poet to write a volume like this, but it is one fitted for universal enjoyment; let us hope the author's wish will be fulfilled, and that when the season of travel comes round these "Wanderings" may lead many a tourist to follow in the same track.

Hamlet, arguing from certain data, came to the conclusion that "there's hope a great man's memory may outlive his life half a year," so that *The Friendships of Mary Russell Mitford*: edited by the Rev. A. E. L'Estrange (Hurst and Blackett), may require a few words of preface before the reader can call to mind who it is to whom the two volumes refer. For Mary Russell Mitford, though she wrote "Our Village" and many other popular works, including plays that were acted successfully, was neither a great man nor even a great woman, and not exactly a great writer; and it is doubtful whether her works are very familiar to readers of the present generation: more is the pity perhaps. She was a woman, however, whose literary and social gifts were such as brought her into intimate connection with many personages whose correspondence, no matter what their position in society may have been, it is a treat and a privilege to read. And that is what is meant by the title: the two volumes contain a vast number of letters reprinted from the manuscripts which Miss Mitford's friends wrote to her and she to them, and which not only illustrate the relations existing between them, but also bring out conspicuously various interesting little traits of character. Such books nearly always command a prodigiously large circle of readers. To mention the names of all Miss Mitford's correspondents would probably have the effect of whetting appetite, but considerations of space forbid. A few glimpses, however, may be given of the dainty dish that is set before the reader. Be it known, then, that the volumes contain specimens of Miss Mitford's correspondence with a circle which includes Elizabeth Barrett Browning, William Cobbett, "Barry Cornwall," Mrs. Hemans, Mrs. Holland, Mrs. Howitt, Miss Martineau, De Quincy, Mr. Ruskin, Miss Sedgwick, and Mrs. Trollope. Of such and the like celebrities one is never tired of reading; some little trait is pretty sure to come out in the shortest and apparently most trivial note they penned. And, as the editor has by no means confined himself to letters written to Miss Mitford or by her, but has introduced correspondence in which she was but slightly and indirectly concerned, the range of interest has been considerably extended. Miss Mitford herself is exhibited as a very ordinary sort of woman, with a certain amount of cleverness, cultivation, and refinement, of course; but with the usual weaknesses as well as with the usual amiable attributes of womankind. She evidently belonged to the class whose creed is "mutual admiration"; she was evidently greedy of praise and impatient of blame or of lukewarm appreciation.

That a cordial welcome should have been given to *Glimpses of our Ancestors in Sussex*: by Charles Fleet (Lewes: Farncombe and Co.), is by no means surprising; and it is a pleasure to learn that so cordial was the welcome that a second edition of the book has been called for already, when, to speak from personal experience, the existence of the first was not known to dwellers beyond the borders of Sussex. Such books are not only delightful entertainment, but form no mean contribution to those side-channels of information from which annalists and historians derive invaluable assistance. It appears that the contents of the volume appeared originally as articles contributed by the author to the *Brighton Herald*; and that their re-publication in a collected form was determined upon in consequence of the frequent applications which, it is easy to believe, were "made for the numbers of the journal containing them." The author illustrates the progressive or retrogressive history of Sussex by extracts from diaries dating from 1655, calls up "a picture of Sussex when its Weald was the seat of extensive ironworks," presents to his readers an account of the two classes of smugglers which "within little more than a century" have flourished on the coast of Sussex, tells the tale of "the Southdown shepherd," discourses about "the Sussex sheep-shearer," who is not altogether, as it might have been supposed that he would be, identical with the shepherd; sketches from life certain "Sussex characters," including "the old Sussex Radical" and "the old Sussex

Tory;" introduces a few "self-educated Sussex men," describes "the last of the M.C.'s," that is, the gentleman with whom "closed the dynasty" of the "Masters of the Ceremonies" at Brighton; devotes several pages to commemoration of "the Sussex regicides," whose names, not few in number, "appear on the High Court of Justice which tried and condemned Charles I.;" enumerates and discusses some "Sussex tragedies and romances," descants upon "Sussex poets," and concludes with some curious facts concerning "social changes in Sussex." This is surely just the kind of book which has an interest for everybody, and a special attraction for all readers, and they are legion, in whom there is an appreciable portion of the archaeological spirit.

It must have been about thirty-five years ago that Mr. Lewis Filmore, in his translation of Goethe's "Faust," showed a fine appreciation of the genius and spirit of German poetry, and a rare talent for rendering its characteristic manner of expression in melodious English verse. The only productions of this accomplished man of letters that we can recollect as having since appeared with his name—though he has contributed much to literary and political journalism during this long period—are two or three original dramas, "The Winning Suit" and others, which were performed at London theatres with decided critical approbation, but were not attended by great popularity; and the public has been allowed to forget Mr. Filmore's graceful mastery of a pen that could write with the best. We are glad now to hail the publication, by Messrs. Charles Griffin and Co., of a new piece of work by his hand, similar in kind to that with which he first gained favourable notice; being a translation of Schiller's romantic tragedy, *The Maid of Orleans*, one of the most admired dramatic poems of its illustrious author. The comparison between Schiller and Goethe, which was frequently mooted by scholars or connoisseurs of German literature in the last generation, could never reach any more decisive conclusion than that regarding Goethe as the greater imaginative genius, but Schiller as the nobler inspired poetical exponent of lofty moral truths; and Schiller's name has become the symbol of all that is heroic in the national mind. In his ideal treatment of the story of Joan of Arc, represented on the stage at Weimar at a period when German patriotism was on the eve of being soon roused to mighty struggles against a foreign invader, Schiller evinced his impassioned sympathy with the highest sentiments of public duty and martial valour, actuated by the love of country and by the sense of religion. This play is therefore well deserving of being presented to English readers in our own language; and the version which Mr. Filmore has so skilfully executed is worthy of acceptance for its sensible fidelity to the tone and style as well as to the substantial purport of the German. As a test passage, we should refer not to any part of the blank verse dialogue, but to the lyrical soliloquy, in eight-lined rhymed stanzas, at the opening of Act IV., which is eminently characteristic of Schiller, and which the translator has managed very perfectly. The merits of the drama itself have generally been recognised by those who are content with the most splendid rhetoric, and the most effective display of grand or pathetic sentiments, amid startling vicissitudes of situation. Joan of Arc, as conceived by Schiller, may be an impossible human being; but her speech is ever sublime and beautiful, whether she enacts the part of an enthusiastic votary, a prophetess, or a warlike Amazon; or feels a momentary tenderness for a knight of the hostile army, or suffers herself, in remorse for this weakness, to be cast out as a witch; or finally receives her death-wound on the battlefield, and with her last breath, after conquering the foes of France, hails the heavenly vision of eternal glory.

An appreciative and impartial estimate of *Sterne*, by H. D. Traill (Macmillan and Co.), is a boon to literature. Mr. Fitzgerald has written a life of Sterne, in two volumes, and his laborious and digressive work is not without interest; but the biographer of this eccentric humourist, in keeping strictly to his theme, is straitened for lack of matter. Of a large portion of his life history has nothing to record; and it is well, perhaps, that this is the case, since the little we know of his doings inclines us to call him, with Warburton, an "irrevocable scoundrel." We scarcely know of a more striking instance of the way in which a man's character infects his work. Sterne was an exquisite humourist and a master of pathos; but his humour is too often debased by impurity, and his pathos degenerates into puling sentimentality. Truly does Mr. Traill say that the unclean spirit pursues him everywhere, and with equal justice he observes that "he was too prone to the habit of caressing his own sensibilities." He paid much greater attention to them than to his wife, and played in reality the part which Cowley made a pretence of playing—flirting with a score of mistresses, for whose dear sake he was content to sacrifice the feelings of Mrs. Sterne. The author of "Tristram Shandy" discovered his genius somewhat late in life, and had not many years in which to reap its rewards. Fame came to him on the instant, and he made haste to enjoy the fruits of it. Even bishops are said to have applauded this unlicensed humourist, and for a time he was the lion of London society. This suited his "light, pleasure-loving nature;" and Sterne does not seem to have had a suspicion, any more than the people who fêted him, that his writings or his love-makings were inconsistent with his character as a clergyman. What his sermons were may be judged from the volumes he thought fit to publish. In one of them he employs the parable of the Prodigal Son as a peg "whereon to hang a few observations on the practice of sending young men upon the Grand Tour accompanied by a 'bear-leader';" and in several of them, as the poet Gray said, "you often see him tottering on the verge of laughter, and ready to throw his periwig in the face of the audience." The suggestion reminds us of a clergyman equally unfitted for the office, who died about a century before Sterne, and who is said on one occasion to have flung his sermon at the congregation. This was Robert Herrick, who sang the charms of as many ladies in verse as Sterne courted in prose. Coleridge points out that Sterne's favourite characters exhibit a faith in moral good; it may be so, but the humourist never brings them before his readers without exhibiting his own taste for moral evil. The defects, too, of his art are manifold. He is an unblushing plagiarist, he abounds in affectations; like Lamb and Montaigne, he is egotistic, but, unlike these writers, his egotism is offensive, and, instead of attracting, repels. Mr. Traill, however, points out very justly that when once the dramatic instinct fairly lays hold of Sterne "there is no writer who ever makes us more completely forget him in the presence of his characters—none who can bring them and their surroundings, their looks and words, before us with such convincing force of reality." Mr. Traill is not at all disposed to overrate his hero. He considers that Sterne's sentiment probably has ceased to stir any emotion in these days, but that there is "an imperishable element in his humour"—a judgment which no competent critic is likely to contest. The writer, as we have said, has done his work well; and if we may hint a fault it is the occasional use of "big words," when simpler language would express the meaning. The monograph appears in the well-known series of *English Men of Letters*.

THE PENALTIES OF CIVILISATION.

We Englishmen are apt to boast of our progress. Don't we know a great deal more than our fathers did? Have we not looked more deeply into Nature and compelled her to do our bidding? What force is there we are unable to use, what difficulty we cannot conquer? We possess the magic wand of Prospero; we have almost mastered the subtle craft of Ariel; we can put a girdle round about the earth like Puck. We exact tribute from the globe, and savage tribes die out or are killed out to make room for us; we cover the seas with our ships and carry the merchandise of a world. Lords of human kind as we are, how proud all this makes us! We should be almost inclined to think that the heavenly bodies shine solely for our use if the lack of sun in England did not teach us one lesson of humility.

Civilisation, we may frankly admit, has done much for us, but it has its drawbacks. No one wishes to go back to the time "When wild in woods the noble savage ran;" or when, according to the nursery rhyme,

A painted vest Prince Vortigern had on,
That from a naked Pict his grandsire won.

The age of barbarism was not an age of gold; but have we, or has Europe, reached the golden age yet? Assuredly the Continent has not, for it is covered with armed men ready, should the uncertain peace be broken, to spring at each other's throats; and it is certain, too, that these islands have not, or Ireland, like a younger sister, would be clasping the hand of England. There are evils, too, large and terrible, in our midst which may well make the most hopeful philanthropist despond. This, however, is a more serious view of the flaws in our civilisation than we propose taking just now. It will be enough for us to note some of the more superficial evils that beset us, and to show that the complex system under which we live has an ugly and an irritating side.

Society, at any rate in great cities, is oppressed by its own rules. It is painful to think how respectable we are growing; of course, if respectability implied high principle and pure morality it should be heartily welcomed, but it means nothing of the kind. It does not demand inward virtues: all it claims from its disciples is the semblance of them. To do as our neighbours do, to live as our neighbours live, to believe in Mrs. Grundy with an active faith, to walk only, so to speak, upon macadamised roads, to go to church on Sunday less for worship perhaps than for the sake of example, and perchance by a stretch of charity to give tracts to the poor in summer and blankets in winter,—such are the noble duties which entitle a man to the badge of respectability. Propriety, conformity, fashion; these are the terms upon our lips, and they are terms which regulate our lives. Verily, poor human nature has a hard time of it, and even the days of youth, which ought to be so joyous, become flat and unprofitable when it is felt that—

Custom lies upon us with a weight
Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life.

Civilisation involves the growth of great cities; and where men most do congregate there, be sure, they will tread the most frequently upon each other's toes. We jostle one another in the throng, and the weakest goes to the wall. We honour the man who at any cost has gained a fortune, but we have no leisure to honour the man who, with loftier purposes, has failed in the race. What a turmoil goes on day by day, not so much for the sake of daily bread as for the sake of position! Society does not require us to lead happy or blessed lives, but woe to us if we cannot sustain appearances. We must smile when we are sad; we must be delighted to see acquaintances whom we would gladly send to Coventry; we must drink wine when we can scarcely afford small beer; we must be free in expenditure when our purse is nearly empty; since if we fail to do all this we at once cease to be respectable.

Civilisation brings with it many wants and much slavery. There is no harder task-master than fashion. It destroys health, it injures beauty of form, it vitiates taste, it corrupts morality. Some of the worst evils of social life have been due to fashion, and are still due to it; and in striving to oppose them wisdom and wit seem to be expended in vain. Men can escape from the tyranny of conventionality more readily than women can. If fortune has smiled upon them they can even afford to be eccentric; and the curious specimens of roving Englishmen to be met with in all regions of the globe testify to that ingrained love of independence which civilisation cannot wholly banish. Go where they may, however, the time comes when they must exchange the free air of the mountain or the desert for the close atmosphere of streets and the hot atmosphere of ball-rooms, when they must pay morning calls and go to dinner parties, when they will be forced to undergo the height and depth of human misery by sitting upon juries; when, in short, a thousand demands, three fourths of them being wholly unreasonable, will be made upon their thoughts, their purse, and their time. For the blessings of civilisation it behoves us, doubtless, to be thankful, but there are moments when we feel only its penalties and pains.

Is it not due to civilisation that rank has become the god of our idolatry, and money the one thing needful? Don't we owe to it the hideous chasm that separates class from class, the dishonesty of trade, the adulteration of food, the preference of appearances to realities, the sale of daughters to the highest bidder, and that love of extravagance on the part of women that makes men afraid of embarking on the perilous voyage of matrimony?

There is a proverb that says something about putting the saddle on the right horse, and if the reader should answer these inquiries in the negative, and affirm that the evils, small and great, that trouble modern society are not caused by civilisation but by the abuse or want of it, we will not contest the statement. A noble river may in its course contract many impurities, but none the less does it do its part in fertilising the country. And the stream is not responsible for the pollution which is allowed to mingle with its waters. Civilisation, to use the definition of Burke, depends upon two principles—the spirit of a gentleman and the spirit of religion. These principles embrace all that is beautiful and all that is noble in life, so that, viewed in this light, a nation cannot be too civilised. It may be living at too high a pressure, it may be moving at too headlong a pace, and so lose sight, as it were, of the landmarks by which it should be guided. This is our case in England, and it is as true now as when Wordsworth wrote the memorable lines, some seventy years ago, that we are out of tune with Nature, and that,

Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers.

True civilisation is not to be blamed for this, but a highly artificial state of society may be. What we chiefly want is plainer living and higher thinking. With these good gifts to invigorate us, the sufferings exacted by society would be greatly mitigated or perhaps scarcely felt.

Sir John Lambert, K.C.B., has resigned his office of Permanent Secretary of the Local Government Board. He will be succeeded by Mr. Hugh Owen, barrister-at-law, one of the assistant-secretaries of the department.